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FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND

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KARLOFF · LUGOSI · CHRIS LEE · DINOSAURS

NIGHT OF THE BLOOD BEAST

FAMOUS MONSTERS NO. 119 SUPER SPECIAL SUMMER GIANT



Discovered Again After 45 Years! Original Poster for the Fright Film that Made KARLOFF a Household Word for HORROR! Discover for Yourself some of the Exciting Moments in FAMOUS MONSTERS' Past History in this Annual Reprise Edition of Early Hits.

SPEAKING OF MONSTERS

REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM



EXORCISM is no laffing matter, as Linda Blair (above) demon-strated last year to everyone's lasting agreement.

After perusing the pages of this annual anthology, we believe there'll be lasting agreement that we've done it again, brought back from our thrill-packed past a number of the best articles we've ever featured. Dipping as far back as a decade, we revive in this, our yearly FEARBOOK, great works that have not decayed but have stood the test of time. If you missed them before—as you probably did—you'll relish them now.

FORREST J ACKERMAN



A crazed Werewolf (Kerwin Mathews) moves toward a victim paralyzed by terror in a scene from THE BOY WHO CRIED WEREWOLF. You, too, will be paralyzed (with delight) when you see the Great Goodies in this Special Fearbook issue of FAMOUS MONSTERS! Read on----!



OUR COVER
Frankenstein. The Mummy. Dracula. Werewolf. Mole creature. Guests on the cover of fantastic FM Fearbook #119. Fearsome painting by Ken Kelly. A monster fea'a dream!

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FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND

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KARLOFF IN THE MAGIC CASTLE

an evening with frankenstein and his friends

horrorwood, karloffornia

King Boris the Benign of Great Britain last April flew 6000 miles in a magic jetodactyl, in the body of a huge mechanical thunderbird with bones of steel and wings of fire. He came to participate in a reception in his honor given by loyal subjects of his far distant exotic kingdom of Hahlwud.

In a supersecret appearance known beforehand only to a select few, the King (affectionately referred to by his civilian title of "Mr.



KARLOFF & Dr. Ackulo. *FM*'s editor wrote the narration for the horror-hit record, *An Evening with Boris Karloff and His Friends.*

Frankenstein".) was given what was later reported around the world as "his first major press party in 40 years."

The party took place on the premises of the world famous Magic Castle, up the hill behind the equally fabulous Gruman's Chinese Theater where King Kong (in person) once ruled the forecourt in 1933.

Later that evening, as the hour grew close to midnight, millions of Californians learned that the legendary King of Karloffornia had been in their midst. They learned this when their television sets temporarily became terrorvisions, for 4½ minutes of an absorbing interview with the elder statesman of fright films. The newsworthy meeting with Mr. Monster had been filmed several hours earlier.

Scant blocks away on Hollywood Blvd., had passersby known that around 7 p.m. Boris Karloff was just up the hill in the "haunted" house, the inside crowd, consisting primarily of 50 local, national & international reporters, would more than likely have swelled to smothering proportions.

Among the celebrities present I noted Don (Mask Maker) Post, Robert (Deadly Bees) Bloch, Donald (Dracula Society President) Reed, Alex (She-Creature) Gordon, Ruth (Atomic Submarine) Gordon, Verne (Men Behind the Masks) Langdon, Mr. Karloff's Agent, Milt (Magic Castle Owner) Larsen—and the Editor of FAMOUS MONSTERS.

FAMOUS MONSTERS was the only horror magazine represented at the press conference and hence we are able to hring you this exclusive interview.

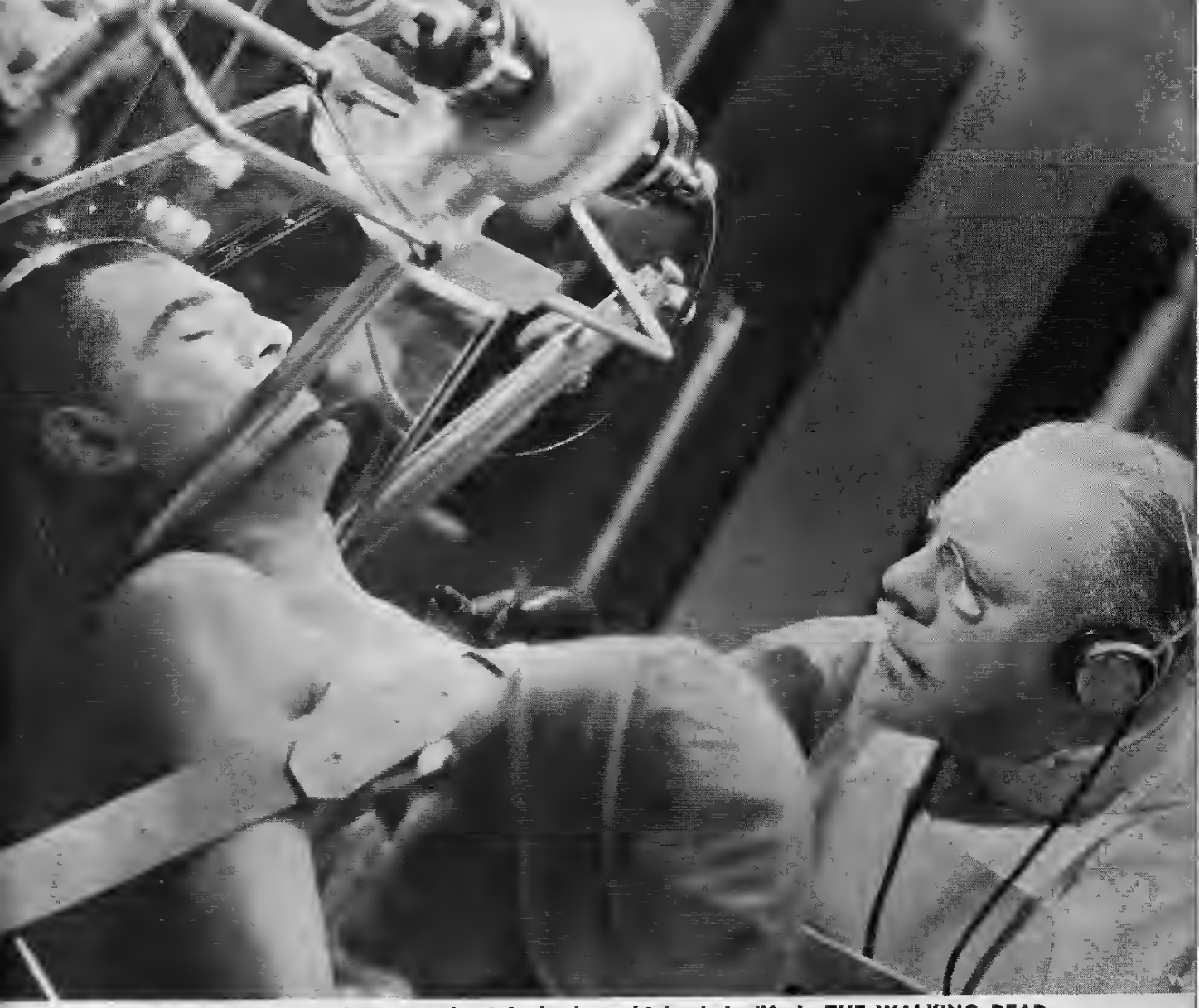
thousand dollar decorations

Decca Records, sponsors of the unique event, had decorated the Castle in colorful, karloffull, expensive style. As one walked thru the entranceway, the eye was immediately arrested hy an attractive banner which proclaimed to the world in no uncertain terms that this was a Welcome to *An Evening with Boris Karloff & His Friends*, the title of the King's new hit album, which he thrillingly narrates from a script written by *FM's* editor. "I turned down a previous script that was offered me," said Karloff, "because it was too flippant, too full of whimsy. The narration I recorded is a straightforward documentary of my life & times in the make-believe world of monsters."

I recognized Langdon & Larsen, who co-sponsored the creation of the record, and stepped up to them, asking "How is the record selling?"

"Tube be or nat tube be?" wonders BK os he halds test tube before his scientific goze in the simion scare pic, THE APE.





His electrocuted corpse about to be brought back to life in THE WALKING DEAD.

"Like hotcakes in Alaska," responded Langdon.

"Like coldcakes in Africa!" echoed Larsen.

And I learned during the course of the evening that they weren't kidding, when Decca's personal representative informed me that Hollywood's largest record shop had completely sold out of the album during its first week, *before* any publicity had been put out. Such is the magnetic drawing power of Karloff . . . and his friends! (His friends include Bela Lugosi, Lionel Atwill, Colin Clive, Ernest Thesiger, Elsa Lanchester, Edward Van Sloan, Maria Ouspenskaya and Dwight Frye.)

into the inner sanctum

In the lobby was a rare original poster from SON OF FRANKENSTEIN. (*Firmly* affixed to the wall.) There, in bright litho-colors, was Basil Rathbone, poised with syringe in hand; there, bearded broken-necked Bela as Ygor; and there, inevitably, the Frankenstein monster: Karloff.

I signed the register, noting the many important signatures ahead of mine, and then, as directed by the (g)hostess, spoke to the wise old (carved) red-eyed owl on the door leading to the Inner Sanctum.

"Open, Sesame," said I, in the best tradition of the Arabian Nights.

"Sez *hoo?*" hooted the owl.

"Sez me!" I repeated.

And a shelf of books creaked open like a secret panel in THE CAT & THE CANARY or the rock door in the side of the mountain that led to Murania, THE PHANTOM EMPIRE.

As my eyes grew accustomed to the dark interior I observed a roomful of people & posters. Some of the people I didn't recognize; all of the posters I did. The reception room was profusely papered with onesheets, lobbycards & magnificent stills (kind that make collectors drool) from FRANKENSTEIN, BRIDE OF FRANKEN-



A towering performance in Universal's TOWER OF LONDON, 1939.

Radioactive hands of death in THE INVISIBLE RAY (Univ. 1936).



STEIN, THE MUMMY, DRACULA, FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN, THE BLACK CAT, THE RAVEN, THE WEREWOLF OF LONDON and many other hits starring Karloff and famous cinema companions of old. In fact the room looked more like the prize den of a 10-year-veteran of *FAMOUS MONSTERS* or the offices of *FM* itself in New York.

I wondered at the incredibly decorated walls, and how Decca rated . . .

stop press!

Karloff had not yet arrived at this point so I singled out his agent as a source of information. I had heard rumors that Karloff was in town to make a picture. I assumed it was for AIP. I was astonished to learn otherwise. It seems to have been shot—in great secrecy—on the 20th-Fox lot. A Roger Corman project. And here's what will kill you:

It's called BEFORE I DIE! (Not to be confused with DOOMED TO DIE which he did for Monogram in 1940 or BEFORE I HANG which he made the same year for Columbia.)

And the plot?

You won't believe this!

Like right out of Forest Lawn:

"It's about a 79-year-old actor," I found his agent telling me, "who has specialized in horror films all his career. In fact it's almost the biography of Boris!"

Who could ask for anything more?

(However, several weeks after getting the "inside dope" from Karloff's agent, I read a report in the press which was completely different. The news release made it sound as tho BEFORE I DIE were based on the tragic happening in Texas of the deranged student who climbed up on a tower and gunned down so many innocent people. Was the report mistaken or the agent? Only time will tell. In any event, no Karloff fan will want to miss BEFORE I DIE.)

the ghoul & alex gordon

I recognized producer Alex Gordon and remembered from the story on him in *FM* how he had been frustrated as a teenager because he was underage, in England, to see Boris Karloff in THE GHOUL. By now Karloff had arrived at the Castle and was surrounded by friends, well-wishers, photographers & reporters. As Gordon was just walking away from Karloff's table, I approached him and asked if he'd learned anything interesting he might share with *FM's* readers.

"For my favorite magazine?" he beamed. "Always glad to oblige. I just talked with Boris and reminded him that I was still searching for a print of THE GHOUL. He laughed and said, 'Well, don't search too hard!' I've heard it wasn't one of his favorite films. Nevertheless, I'm determined to see it."



In THE MAN WITH NINE LIVES. His fans wish he had 900!

"Maybe you should *remake* it," I offered as a spur-of-the-moment solution.

"You know," Gordon said, "Forry Ackerman suggested the same thing to me! It would be great if I could get Boris to repeat the role. And I'd put Forry in the picture too!"

FJA as Sir Cedric Hardwicke—? Ernest Thesiger?!

mystery title identified

FM's Australian correspondent, Chris Collier, had come up thru the mails with a title which had the experts stumped:

BIMI.

Claimed Collier: "BIMI was the name of a Karloffilm released in *Argentina* in 1932 or '33." But it is omitted from all lists of Karloff's film career. I intended to ask the Ultimate Authority himself about the lost picture, but suddenly I found my ears pricking up like Jean Marais' in BEAUTY & THE BEAST, for Alex Gordon was saying:

"Ah, yes—BIMI. That was like when they took the Herman Brix serial, THE NEW ADVENTURES OF TARZAN, and put the chapters together into a complete picture, which was released as TARZAN & THE GREEN GODDESS.

"Or when the BUCK ROGERS serial became ROCKET SHIP, or FLASH GORDON became MARS ATTACKS THE WORLD.

"BIMI?" We hunched forward and cocked an attentive ear, for by now 50 people were crowded into a relatively small space, and the hubbub was deafening.

And the revelation came.

All collectors of Karloffilm titles, attention: you may now add this information to your files:

BIMI was the full length version title of Karloff's early serial with Dorothy Christy & Wm. Miller—

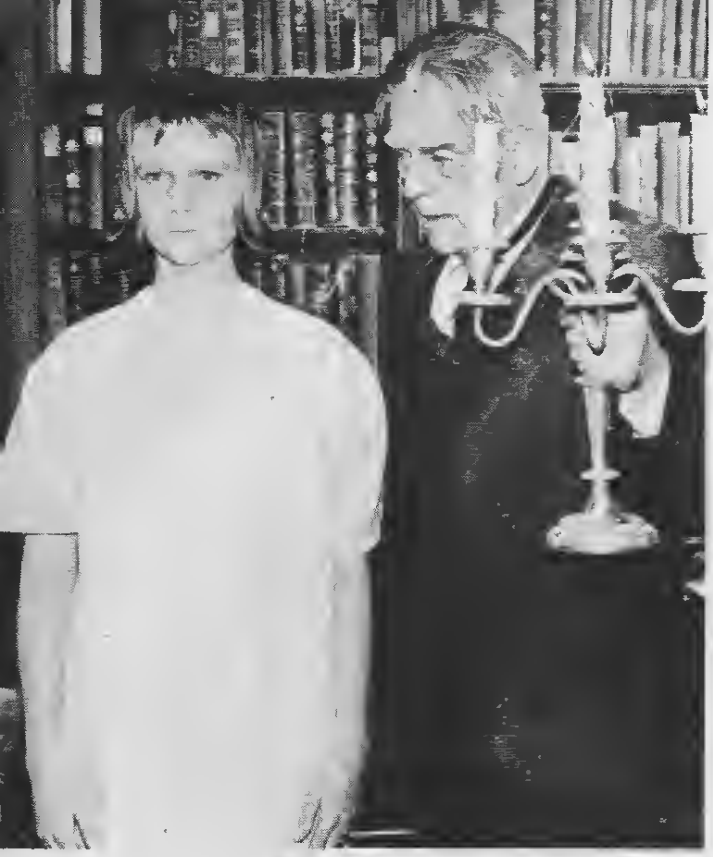
KING OF THE WILD!

old mystery—new mystery

But hardly had one mystery (BIMI) been solved than a new one popped up. I saw Robert Bloch move away from Karloff's circle, his head shaking, a perplexed gaze in his eyes.

"What's up, Bob?" I asked.

Being Bob Bloch, he answered: "A corpse, hanging from a gallows, fresh for Dr. Frankenstein & Fritz." Then he continued: "Seriously,



Who could hold o condle to the King himself when he ployed in one of his own segments of TV's *Thriller?*

Im-ho-tep, 3700-yeors-deod in the dust of Egypt, revived by Universol in 1932.



Karloff just told me something that has me baffled . . ."

"which was?"

"That he was directed by Lionel Barrymore in an MGM picture called THE GREEN GHOST."

"THE GREEN GHOST? I remember a YELLOW TICKET from MGM hut he sure wasn't in that, tho I think Barrymore was. He couldn't have been thinking of THE BELLS, could he?"

"No, he said it was the first talking mystery they made at MGM."

"Wasn't that THE UNHOLY NIGHT?"

"I think you're right."

"But where does THE GREEN GHOST come in?"

"That was 1929, in the days of THE BAT, THE CAT & THE CANARY, THE TERROR and all kinds of mystery plays that were being adapted from the stage. THE GHOST TRAIN was another. Maybe THE UNHOLY NIGHT became the final title after Karloff left the picture, and it was called THE GREEN GHOST while he was shooting it."

During his official press interview a short time later Karloff again brought up his appearance in THE GREEN GHOST but nothing was settled at the time about the picture. I am inclined to believe that it was the film I remembered—THE UNHOLY NIGHT—and that Bob Bloch's explanation was correct.

the voices from below

Thru the din of conversation I vaguely began to be aware of "other" voices, oddly different, oddly familiar voices, coming from somewhere else in the Magic Castle.

My ears took me toward the source of the sound: underground. That thunder, electrical crackling as of a lightning storm or a high-voltage laboratory or both, that distant howling of wolves, hits of dialog such as "I hid you—welcome" . . . "It's moving—it's alive!" . . . "Even a man who is pure in heart . . ." etc.—yes, they were definitely drifting up from the cellar.

Dared I descend?

A sign at the head of the stairs warned that below lay the dungeon of Dracula.

Just then a young couple that I recognized as *FM* readers came bounding up the stairs with flushed faces. "There're monsters down there!" they shouted to me as they took the stairs two at a time. "Frankenstein . . . Dracula . . . the Wolf Man!" But then they laughed as they passed me: "All on record. They're playing Boris Karloff's record downstairs in Dracula's den. You should go and hear it. It's great."

I had one foot downstairs when I heard Verne Langdon call out, "Ladies & Gentlemen, Mr. Karloff is about to conduct his interview," and I hastily joined the members of the press. I was fortunate in finding a seat exactly next to *FM's*



Karloff puts gorilla behind THE APE ball!



Karloff and some of his friends. Behind the mask of the familior looking fiend on the left is Manuel Weitmon, co-founder of the Count *Droculo* Society and ghoul-in-residence ot the Mogic Castle.

editor, who in turn sat directly next to the King himself. On Karloff's other side sat his constant companion, his wife.

As Karloff looked up at his audience, seated in a semi-circle of chairs on an incline, he immediately set the tone of relaxed good humor by joking, "I bope my jury will be as kind as it locks!" Everyone laugbed and began asking him questions.

the career of karloff

He started off by telling us how he left England for Canada in 1909. He first got a job as a lumberjack. The next year, while working in a forest cbopping down trees, and getting pretty tired of the heaviness & monctony of tbe work, he beard of an opening as an actor. "It was in a stock company wbose reputation was so bad that no one would work for it," he said. "But I decided *I* would. I left my ax in the air!"

In 1910 he gained experience as an actor by appearing in 106 new plays in 53 weeks!

In 1913 he came to the USA for good. "And, indeed, America has been good to me.

"I got my first movie job as a $5-a-day extra in a film with Doug Fairbanks Sr. That was HIS MAJESTY, THE AMERICAN in 1919."

In answer to a question from the audience about Bela Lugosi—

To be concluded next issue. Read Don't miss what Karloff has to say about BELA LUGOSI . . . LON CHANEY SR. . . . the original FRANKENSTEIN . . . his wife . . . Boris Karloff "JR." . . . etc!

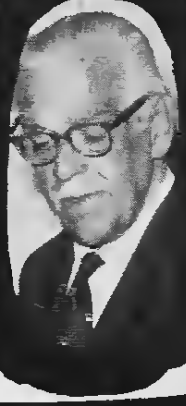


The sinister Oriental menace as portrayed for MGM in 1932 in THE MASK OF FU MANCHU.



Karloff meets his "double" (Manuel Weltmon) at Press Party in Our King's Honor at Hollywood's famous rendezvous for visiting Monster Royalty. This is one of the most recent candid fotos of Boris Karloff in the world.

KARLOFF IN THE MAGIC CASTLE



MR. MONSTER'S HORRORWOOD INTERVIEW

part 2: conclusion

Briefly, in the preceding article, I told how in April a London to Los Angeles flight was made by the King of Fright himself. In what was billed as "his first major press party in 40 years," Boris Karloff appeared at the world-famous Magic Castle in Hollywood in conjunction with Decca Records' release of his unique monster album, AN EVENING WITH BORIS KARLOFF & HIS FRIENDS.

Learned during the exciting evening were such interesting facts as:

The title of his next picture—BEFORE I DIE.

The title behind the title of a mystery title, BIMI. BIMI was the name of the full length version of Karloff's early serial, KING OF THE WILD.

What he got paid for his first movie job: $5 a day!



Being made up for his vampiric role as The Wurdalak in BLACK SABBATH. (Foto by Gionni Assenza.)

And a new mystery was born: THE GREEN GHOST. Karloff mentioned a couple of times during his visit to the Castle that he appeared in such a picture. But experts such as Alex Gordon, Bob Bloch, even *FM's* editor, were baffled.

Now go on with the story . . .

about bela—

"Mr. Karloff," a reporter asked, "what could you tell us about Bela Lugosi? Were you good friends?"

"No, we really didn't socialize. You see, our lives, our tastes, were quite different. Ours was simply a professional relationship. But I have warm recollections of him as a fine actor and a great technician. And I'll tell you a story on myself, about Bela:

"It was during the making of SON OF FRANKENSTEIN, the 3d & lastime I played the monster." (Purists insist that he played the role 4 times but I was interested to note —and record for posterity—that the Master himself did not refer to his brief resurrection of the Monster on TV in the *Route 66* segment.) "Bela was a big man, and I was supposed to pick him up and carry him. I put one wrist beneath his knees, the other behind his neck—and lifted.

"I hadn't lifted a pound!"

Eyebrows lifted and a gale of laughter rose at this anecdote.

Karloff continued. "I met Lon Chaney Sr. He did *all* his own make-up, you know—designed & executed it. A fine actor. I think it a dead certainty I wouldn't be sitting here now if Chaney had lived and done FRANKENSTEIN.

"I had made GRAFT at Universal and James Whale saw me and wanted me to test for the part of the monster. I had no idea of the importance of the role but Jack Pierce knew, he stalled the test 2 weeks while working on the make-up and the make-up sold the part."

Don Post commented from the audience: "It was the most impressive, frightening film to that time."

MRS. monster...and the "son" of frankenstein

All this while a charming quiet blond lady had sat by Mr. Karloff's side; his wife. One of the reporters asked: "How does *Mrs.* Karloff feel about your fiendish performances?"

Karloff was not embarrassed to admit: "My wife is a woman of great taste—she has seen very very *few* of my pictures!"

After the laughter died down, he added: "In fact it was only last year that she saw



"Hush, Hush, Sweet Virginia!" says Karloff to Miss Mayo in THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY.

FRANKENSTEIN for the firstime."

The Karloffs are very good friends of the Blochs, and later on Mrs. Karloff remarked to me: "You know, Elly Bloch & I are in the same boat, so to speak—we're both cowards where our husband's films are concerned! That remarkable Mrs. Bloch flies her own airplane—but she's never seen Bob's PSYCHO or any other of his scary pictures. Says she's be frightened to death!"

FM's editor once showed me a foto of a fairly fleshy individual, a sort of Victor Buono type, signed "Boris Karloff Jr." or "the son of Karloff"—something like that, I forget exactly what. I had often wondered about it, being aware that Karloff has a daughter but having been unable to track down any evidence that he had a son. I was mulling over in my mind if it would be advisable to ask him this question publicly, wondering if there were some private sorrow attached to the son and the inquiry might prove tactless, when suddenly it popped out of the mouth of someone else.

The answer was quite simple and caused Karloff no pain.

"Ah, yes," he said. "'Tony' Karloff. No relation whatsoever. But many years ago this young man wrote and asked permission to use the name, in connection with some mystery stage act he was putting on, I believe, and I attached no particular value to the name at the time so I gave him permission to go ahead."

bela . . . "the bells" . . . and frye

One very interesting question was cleared up:

"Mr. Karloff, did you ever see Bela Lugosi do DRACULA?"

And the answer, an affirmative:

"Yes, on the stage."

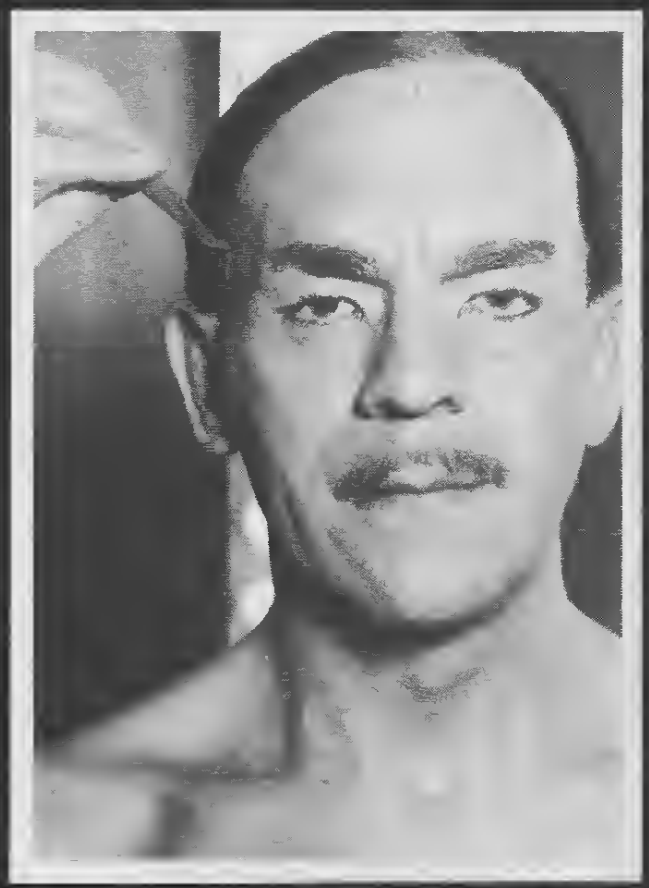
Another question: "Can you tell us anything about Dwight Frye?"

"Not really. We met when he played the swarf in the first FRANKENSTEIN. I know nothing about his outside life." (He may not have been aware that Frye died in '46.)

Robert Bloch asked: "About your make-up in THE BELLS—"

Karloff anticipated his question. "You mean the Caligari-type make-up," he said. "Ah, yes—that was over 40 years ago . . . 1926, to be precise, I believe. The first make-up they gave me made me look like Svengali, and Lionel Barrymore, the picture's star, said, 'No, that's no good,' and, since I was supposed to be a sinister mesmerist, he went to work transforming me into a kind of Werner Krauss. A marvelous man, a great man, Lionel; so stimulating to work with."





You can't go Wong with Karloff as an Oriental. His most famous Eastern menace was Fu Manchu but here we bring you a side & front view of him in his lesser known characterization as Mr. Wong in the "House of Hate" film known as THE MYSTERY OF MR. WONG.

looking backward

The week after Karloff's party, this story was released by Associated Press Movie-TV Writer Bob Thomas:

Hollywood, Apr. 12—Last week they gave Boris Karloff a party—the first in his honor during almost a half-century in Hollywood.

The occasion was the release of a Decca album, *An Evening with Boris Karloff & His Friends,* which features scenes from the actor's films including FRANKENSTEIN, BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN & SON OF FRANKENSTEIN.

The site for the party was natural enough: The Magic Castle, a spooky old mansion off Franklin Ave. where magicians meet. It's a club where diners & drinkers are sometimes joined by vampires & monsters, presumably imitated by Magic Castle personnel.

Karloff seemed at home in such surroundings and he responded with his usual good humor. Unlike some stars who resent being typed in their most famous roles, the London-born actor (real name: William Henry Pratt) has always spoken affectionately of the cliff-browed monster he first played in 1931.

"I am a very lucky man," he reflected. "Here I am in my 80th year (he'll reach the mark Nov. 23) and I am still able to earn my bread & butter at my profession. I am one of that very small family of the human race who happens to thoroughly enjoy his work. If I didn't enjoy it, I wouldn't go on."

Despite a leg brace to aid an arthritic knee, he maintains an active schedule. He & his wife now live in a London flat and a cottage in Hampshire, England, but he comes here twice a year for films. During the past year he also made an *I Spy* in Spain and starred in THE SORCERORS in London.

Karloff is now in his 11th year of a *Reader's Digest* radio program which is carried by 400 U.S. stations. He tapes the daily show wherever he goes.

He had a lively run in recent years making horror pictures for American-International, along with pals Lon Chaney Jr., Basil Rathbone & Peter Lorre—"I miss Peter terribly; he was a delightful man and a truly original actor—there was none like him."

"I'm here to finish up BEFORE I DIE, which is a story similar to that campus sniping in Texas," he said. "I also hope to get the script of the next film, which I'm looking forward to. I understand it's a jungle film, and I play a kind of Albert Schweitzer."

Boris Karloff as Albert Schweitzer??!!

Peter Bogdanovich, 26, wrote BEFORE I DIE to bring "a new dimension to horror." He costars in his own script with Karloff. And, incidentally, the title has been changed to TARGETS.

"TARGETS," says Bogdanovich of his picture, "contrasts two kinds of horror, the kind represented by Boris Karloff and the senseless kind so prevalent today—a man walks into a beauty shop and kills 6 people or climbs a tower and starts sniping away. In the past people were killed usually by strangulation or by a knife. Now a machine does it for you. The borror of modern killing is that you can kill somebody and not get blood on you—not be physically stained.

"With Boris I have tried to exploit his screen character." Basically, Boris plays himself! A 79-year-old character actor, famous for a lifetime of portraying horror parts. (Excuse me—Karloff hates the word. Let us rather, in deference to the grand old star who has so deftly delineated so many macabre roles, refer to them in the language he prefers, "tales of terror.")

karloff & kevin

Hollywood critic & reporter, Kevin Thomas, recorded this anecdote:

The chauffeur-driven limousine pulled up to the drive-in box office. Tuxedo-clad Boris Karloff leaned out the rear window and asked to speak with the manager.

Altho the lights & cameras made clear that he was acting, the patrons of the Reseda Drive-In, long accustomed to seeing him on the screen, were no less startled to find him in such an unlikely setting. Indeed, it was the firstime in his life that Boris Karloff had ever been at a drive-in—in person.

And when it came time to complete the climax of TARGETS, inside the crowded outdoor theater he soon took the play away from the movie that was being shown.

a final word from the fine old gentleman

As he concluded his interview at The Magic Castle, Karloff observed:

"My leg in a steel brace . . . operating with only half a lung . . . why, it's a public scandal that I'm still around! But, as long as people want me, I feel an obligation to go on performing. After all, every time I act I provide employment for a fleet of doubles!" **END**

The month long exhibit in honor of the phonograph album "An Evening with Boris Korloff and His Friends" in the principal show window of Hollywood's top record shop at Sunset & Vein. (Courtesy Wollich's Music City.)





NIGHT OF THE BLOOD BEAST

THE THING THAT HUNTED —HEADS!!!

into the unknown

Midnight at Cape Canaveral.* On the launching pad stands the silver-white *X-100*, bathed in the blinding glow of a dozen floodlights as its fuel tanks are filled with hydrogen & liquid oxygen.

This, the first missile which will penetrate the veil of the Van Allen radiation belt and bear a manned space capsule into the upper atmosphere.

*In 1958 when the picture was made, John Kennedy had not yet become President, been assassinated, and the Cape renamed Cape Kennedy in his memory.



Bullets? Beh! The Blood Beast absorbs them like candy!

has been constructed outside the knowledge of the general public. It will be launched in the same secrecy. The top-priority security cover will endure until the final result is discovered.

Within the capsule atop the *X-100* sits Maj. John Corcoran (*Michael Emmet*), an astronaut whose fate lies wholly in the hands of Science. Destined for overwhelming greatness if he returns alive, if instead the experiment fails he will die an unknown death. The scientists will deny the existence of any such experiment.

But John Corcoran is accustomed to such risks and accepts them without complaint.

Several hours after the fueling of the *X-100* the area is cleared and the spectators retreat to the blockhouse. Flames & smoke whirl about the base of the missile, thundering about in the chaos of an artificial inferno, and slowly—at first very slowly—the missile rises from the pad. Then with ever-increasing speed the *X-100* surges up into the heavens, suddenly disappearing in the blackness of the midnite sky.

All is well—for the moment.

disaster in space

At an altitude of 900 miles above the earth, John switches the tape recorder on and begins his report to Canaveral via radio.

"*X-100* to Goldenrod," he begins, "come in, Goldenrod. Conditions so far normal. Everything A-OK. Wait! Wait!—I'm losing altitude! The ship's gotten heavier!"

The space capsule trembles with great force and an explosion carves a hole in the capsule's hull. As smoke fills the cabin and the torrent of outrushing air throws the capsule into pandemonium, John loses consciousness. Radio contact with Canaveral is broken. The space capsule whirls about and plummets with blinding swiftness toward the earth.

The capsule crashes.

Within moments the tracking station has located the point of collision and a research team is on its way. The first half arrives in a jeep which skids to a hasty halt only yards from the wreckage. Dave Randell (*Ed Nelson*), a communications expert, and Donna Bixby (*Georgianna Carter*), a still photographer, emerge and rush their fire-fighting equipment to the wreckage. The newborn flames are extinguished before they have a chance to spread.

Dave & Donna quickly spray the interior of the capsule and then cautiously examine the wreckage. A cavity about 3' in diameter has been eaten thru the hull and a strange putrescent slime now clings to the cavity's jagged edge. Dave uncovers the body of John Corcoran and feels the astronaut's wrist for a pulse. Is he alive or dead?

There is no pulse.

the living corpse

Dave hurries back to the jeep to contact the second half of the team. He fumbles with the radio but is unable to make it work. Only since their arrival has it ceased to function. But soon he sees the approach of the truck carrying the others and



Female hostage of the Creature from Galaxy 27!

for the moment ignores the radio.

The truck pulls up beside the jeep and its occupants climb out. While Donna takes photographs of the wreckage, Dave tells Dr. Steve Wyman (*John Baer*) that there must have been some mechanical malfunction that he, as technician, designed unkowingly. Then, as gently as possible, Dave informs the astronaut's fiancee Dr. Julie Benson (*Angela Greene*) of John's death. She bears this knowledge not witbout the usual quota of feminine weeping.

Dave, meanwhile, is greatly disturbed by the fact that he could have overlooked something in the ship's construction, that thru his oversight he could have been responsible for John's death. But Donna comforts him with the reassurance that in every test flight there is a calculated risk—an inevitable margin of error.

Donna suddenly notices tbat the hole in tbe hull seems to have increased in size and takes another photograph of the cavity, just in case. Steve climbs into the capsule to examine John's body. He makes a fantastic discovery. "Julie! Come look at this!" he calls.

Altho John has been dead for an estimated 3 hours, his corpse shows no signs of rigor mortis, skin discoloration or pupil dilation—the usual trademarks of death. *To all appearances he would seem to be alive!*

mystery of life-in-death

The researcb team is astounded & perturbed. John's inert body is carried onto the truck. Dave, studying the slimy mass on the ship's hull, take a sample and puts it in his pocket absent-mindedly. They return to the tracking station.

The corpse is taken into the main building, where Dr. Alex Wyman (*Tyler McVey*), Steve & Julie are disturbed and yet fascinated by it. With all the medical instruments at their command, they probe the body in search of an answer to this mystery of life-in-death.

"By all medical standards," murmurs Dr. Wyman, "this man is dead—yet his tissues refuse to dissipate!"

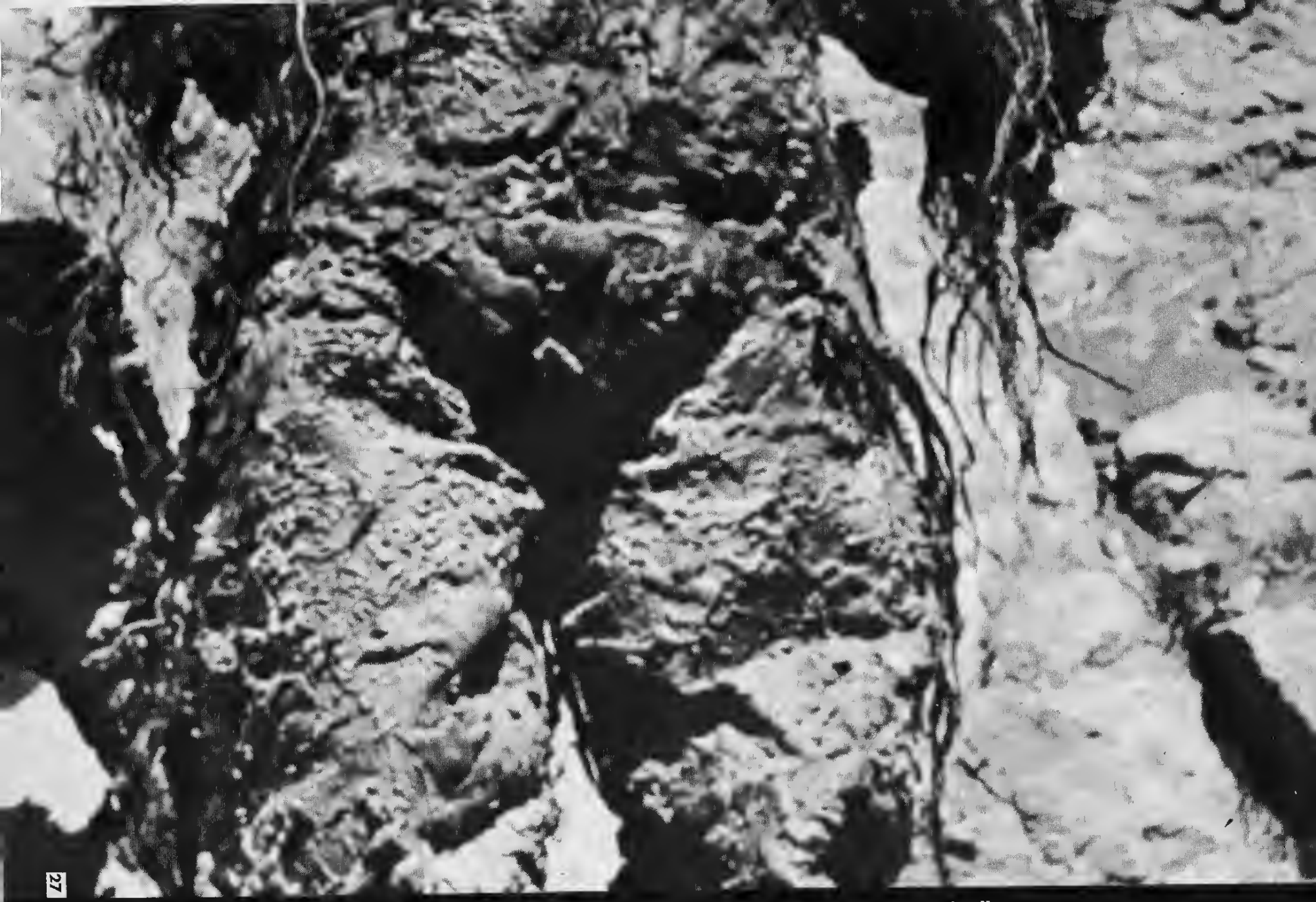
John's corpse has a blood pressure of 120/80—the count for a living human being! The beart has ceased to function but the blood seems to be still coursing thru his veins. By accident they notice a tiny triangular puncture in John's arm—as if something had been forced in thru the skin. The mystery continues to baffle them with ever-increasing clues they cannot understand and they seek vainly for an answer.

The only possible answer might be that John is in a catatonic state, when the heart *almost* stops beating. But his heart has *fully* stopped beating!

But this phenomenon puzzling Dr. Wyman & Julie is not the only thing that disturbs the group. After futile attempts to communicate with Cape Canaveral, Dave tbrows up bis hands in surrender. Transmission or reception is impossible. All the electronic equipment seems to have failed.

The transmitters and the equipment couldn't have ceased to function at the same time! Then Dave recalls tbat the jeep radio also was dead and he rushes outside to check the fuses.





No girl was safe as long as this HEAD HUNTING THING roamed the land!



Hero wrestles with the terror from space.

The fiery end of the *X-100*.



Outside he sights something in the darkness and sees the ladder nearhy tremhling ever so slightly. There is something moving in the hrush. Dave draws his revolver and switches on a flashlight—

Something "hig as a bear" lunges forward and Dave fires at it. Before he can even see it clearly it overpowers him and hurls him aside. Suddenly inside the station the lights flicker and go out and the huge hulking *something* hursts into the laboratory.

Dave joins the others and excitedly relates his encounter. They are all ahsorhed in the darkness now. Dave & Julie go out to the power plant to check on the fuses hut find nothing ahnormal. The lights *should* he working; hut then, John *should* he dead, too.

Lighting candles, the group returns to the lahoratory only to find it in a shamhles. The windows are hroken, the tahles overturned and—there is another triangular puncture on John's arm. Dave finds a peculiar suhstance on the hroken glass—no hlood, no fur, hut something like leather.

Before long everything returns to normal—which is, in this case, *ab*normal. The corpse's hlood pressure has increased. When Julie examines the hlood sample she is taken ahack. "After 7 hours, his hlood is still alive! I've seen amoehic domination of the hlood hefore hut this is completely out of proportion!"

There are alien microscopic creatures in John's blood.

a corpse for a corpse

Someone must go to Desert City—the nearest town, several miles away—and from there contact the authorities. The scientists at Cape Canaveral must he warned of these unusual circumstances.

But again their efforts to contact or communicate with anyone are thwarted. The hatteries are dead in hoth the jeep & truck. Their watches have stopped. The lights are out. To this series of events, Dave concludes there can he only one answer.

They are surrounded hy a magnetic force field.

Almost as soon as this mystery is solved, Donna hrings forth another. She shows them the 2 photographs of the hull, taken ahout 10 minutes apart. The second shows that the hole in the space capsule's hull increased in size and that the mass surrounding it *de*creased since the first shot! This only serves to confuse them no end; hut the first thought in their minds is to regain contact with the outside world. They must either remain at the tracking station and wait for help to arrive or hike over miles of harren desert to the nearest town.

There is almost no alternative. They remain at the station.

Dr. Wyman works late at nite and falls asleep at the desk. Outside the window a hulky shadow stands watch and slowly comes closer . . .

The creaking of floorhoards awakens Dave. He gets up and wanders into the lahoratory, Donna & Julie hehind him. As he holds a lantern up, the light illumines the decapitated hody of Steve —*his head missing*.

And John's corpse is nowhere in sight.

In the adjoining room, separated from the lahoratory hy a plate-glass window, a pallid arm raises up. Donna turns to see John standing shakily



The Beast on the rampage!

against the glass and lets out a vigorous scream. *John is alive!*

Dave helps bim over to the tahle and Julie cries with happiness. John cannot rememher anything after crashing in the space capsule and when Dave informs him he was dead he seems greatly disturbed. Suddenly a glazed expression comes over his face—as if he were possessed—and he mutters in a scientific jargon he knows nothing about:

"It was à hypometabolismic state—a type of suspended animation brought on hy the contraction of the mesyntary blood vessels."

John is as surprised as the others to hear himself speak these words. He becomes weak and complains of an aching in bis head & neck, where another triangular puncture is found. Somehow, John says, his mind seems to be absorping a portion of Dr. Wyman's learning!

In implication rather than word, Dave accuses John of killing the doctor. After all, who else was there? Then, once again, John's mind seems to he taken over by anotber heing, and he shouts, "It didn't come here to destroy!"

John is becoming weaker and begins to ache all over. Finally Dave & Julie urge him to stand behind the fluoroscope and to their utter amazement 8 tiny forms appear on the X-ray screen.

Within John's hody 8 emhryonic aliens are living—*growing!*

To further add to their amazement, John seems concerned for the safety of these parasitic creatures. "You're not going to harm them, are you?" he asks. "If you destroy them, you kill me!"

Dave, however, cannot see the point. Why should he spare the lives in a man who is still evidently dead—the lives of 8 aliens hitherto unknown to the world?

"*That's* why!"

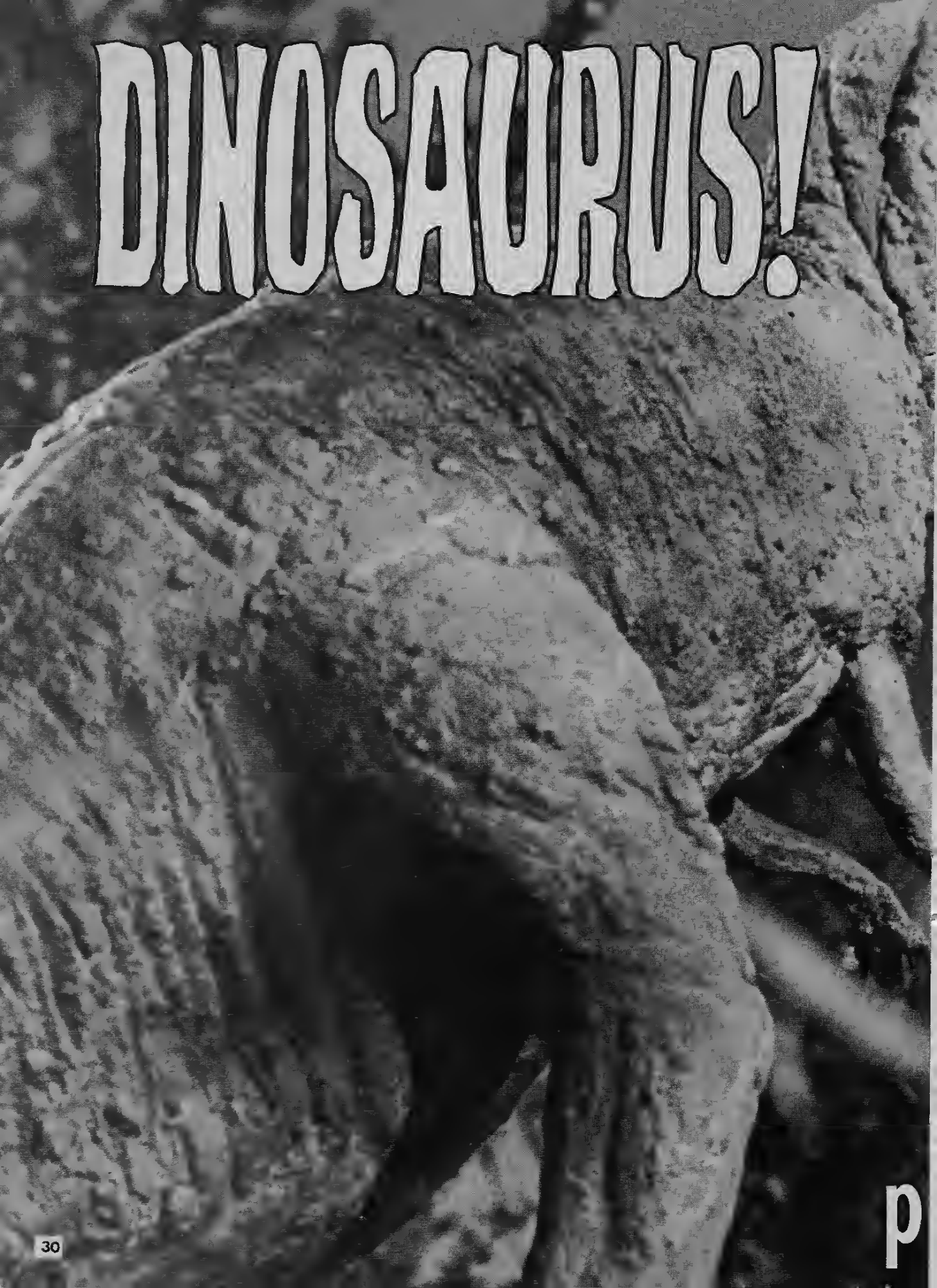
Suddenly the door bursts open and the Blood Beast rushes in. For a split second the creature stands before tbem, its leathery skin looking like the hark of a tree, its face a shapeless mass of knotted tissue in which 2 black eyes swim, slime & dirt dropping from its claws.

Dave opens fire on the monstrosity but the bullets have no effect on the alien creature and when the ammunition is gone he resorts to otber methods: he hurls the lantern at it. Flames well up on the creature's flesb and it runs shrieking out into the nite.

Dave decides to hunt the creature down and destroy it with fire hut John—seemingly controlled hy the Blood Beast—fanatically demands, "Why must we always be so quick to destroy? The alien is different from us, of course, but that is no reason to want to kill it! It means us no barm!"

"Means us no harm?" Dave insists, "then why did it kill Dr. Wyman?"

The argument ends with John collapsing from exhaustion. Julie gets a hypodermic syringe ready, injecting him with a tranquilizer, sadly telling the others that John is not the same man be used tc be—hefore he died. **END**


DINOSAURUS!



peril from the rehistoric



Sing Along with Rex!

it came from water space

THIS is the story of a construction company that uncovers two dinosaurs and a Neanderthal man as well. The setting is a small tropical island.

When the story begins, the construction company is blasting out a harbor for the island. As the charges start to go off, a little boat is spotted. A blast goes off near the boat, causing the cold packed picnic basket to topple into the water. Betty, the occupant of the boat, decides to go after it. Bart Thompson, another occupant, disagrees with her intentions but it makes no difference to her. She dives underwater. Bart swims after her and almost immediately the two are confronted by the head of a great *Tyrannosaurus rex*, mightiest of the extinct dinosuars.

Later the construction company hauls the dinosaur up along with a brontosaurus by use of a crane and these creatures are laid upon the shore. O'Leary, an island alcoholic and would-be village idiot, is put in charge of watching them for the night.

reborn by lightning

In the meantime Hacker, out looking for an "angle" to swindle people, discovers an unconscious caveman in much alongside the dinosuars. He hides the newly-found money-getter for a later sale to scientists in America.

As night falls a storm rises and cuts off the electricity to the village. The lightning strikes once more—hut the bolt revives both the dinosaurs! First O'Leary meets the caveman who breaks into the cabin, and when he runs outside, dynamite in his hand, to pursue the housebreaker, he meets the Tyrannosaurus.

O'Leary is killed by the dinosaur as the cabin blows up.

Hearing the explosion, Bart & other townspeople come to the shore.

"Not a sign of anything, Boss!" says Dumpy, one

TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 35



TYRANNO POWER SURE KNOWS





HOW TO MAKE A BRONTO SORE!





The Boy & The Bronto make friends pronto.



of the construction men. "O'Leary & everything—gone!"

"Including those dinosaurs?" Bart murmurs. "It's just not possihle! This island is without power and right now two prehistoric monsters are somewhere in that jungle, *alive*!"

he axed for it

Everyone heads for an old fortress for safety from the monsters. Meanwhile, Julio—a boy from the island—makes friends with the brontosaurus. The caveman comes to Betty's mother's house and she makes an abrupt exit in her chair. Julio next takes leave of his brontosaurus and makes friends with the caveman by giving him food, but Hacker & his men come to seize the fugitive caveman. The two escape, however, when the caveman hurls a pie in Hacker's face.

Thus it is definitely estahlished that the Neanderthal man was the ancestor of Soupy Sales.

Julio & the caveman ride off on the brontosaurus. Betty sees and pursues them but runs unfortunately into the path of the Tyrannosaurus. The caveman leaps from the brontosaurus and casually diverts the Tyrannosaurus' attention hy hurling an ax into its face. He then carries Betty into an ahandoned mine shaft.

The hrontosaurus is attacked by the Tyrannosaurus and Julio tries to help his prehistoric friend by hurling rocks at the attacker. Eventually the brontosaurus is wounded and falls into a quicksand pit and the angry Tyrannosaurus turns his attention to Julio.

But again the caveman rushes out and whisks Julio to safety.

The Tyrannosaurus takes a dim view of this event and pursues them to the mine shaft to lodge a protest . . . or protest a lodger. Little by little the monster tears away the rocks at the shaft entrance.



"This crane is a pain in the neck!" sez a very vexed Rex.

tyrannosaurus wrecks

Dumpy & Bart are outside looking the situation over. Tbey have some home-made gas bombs which are thrown at the beast. . Hacker slips into the cave thru a secret entrance. The beast runs away as the gas begins to irritate his sinus cavities, and Bart & Dumpy rush into the shaft—right into Hacker who is holding a revolver. The caveman tries to jump Hacker and is shot in the arm, and the noise of the gunshot causes a mine cave-in. Hacker flees and is caught in the rockslide, and the caveman holds up a support just long enough to allow the others time to get out. Then the slide crusbes him.

The people at the fortress have been busily working on a moat to be filled with oil and then set afire, to creat a barrier of flame to ward off the Tyrannosaurus. Tbe beast comes and the plan is put into operation, apparently successfully, at least until the oil burns up.

At the crucial moment Bart comes along witb the crane and prepares to do battle witb the Tyrannosaurus on more or less equal terms. After a few moments of exciting struggle, the crane arm strikes the monster a perfect blow and the creature is hurled off the cliff to a watery grave.

This Jack H. Harris production starred Ward Ramsey, Kristina Hanson & Paul Lukatber, with special effects by Wah Chang & Gene Warren, and was made in 1960 in color by Fairview Productions and released thru Universal Pictures.

The animated monsters themselves were built by the master hand of Marcel Delgado, creator of King Kong and the Lost World models.

One interesting scene was tbat of the Tyrannosaurus wrecking an island bus. This stop-motion sequence was good to create a terrible feeling toward the monster.

Other scenes of relative worth were the battle of the brontosaurus & Tyrannosaurus, and the Tyrannosaurus & the crane. A similar scene—altho much more effective, smooth & realistic—could be found in THE ANIMAL WORLD.

DINOSAURUS is nevertheless wortb seeing.

END

COLOSSAL CREATURE CONTEST

10 HOURS went into the creation of our monsterrific montage! Our creepy collage! Our mighty mixture of horror personalities!

The CHANEYS Sr. & Jr. . . . BORIS KARLOFF . . . BELA LUGOSI . . . PETER LORRE . . . CHRISTOPHER LEE . . . CONRAD VEIDT . . . VINCENT PRICE . . . WILLIS O'BRIEN . . . PETER CUSHING and many more are included in our pernicious puzzle.

Can you spot Rod "Twilight Zone" Serling?

Lionel "Wax Museum" Atwill?

Charles "Quasimodo" Laughton?

Can you count correctly?

Have you an eagle eye? (Well, give it back to the poor half-blind eagle, you rotten person!)

Here's how to win.

Print your name & address clearly on a POSTCARD (no letters will qualify) addressed to DENNIS BILLOWS (the genius who created this creepy kaleidoscope, this mystifying maelstrom of monsters) c/o FAMOUS MONSTERS, 145 E. 32 St., New York City, NY 10016.

Print A.

B.

C.

. . . like so, on the card.

Count the number of faces you can discover in the montage and write the figure after "A."

After "B" write the name of the actor (is it Chaney? Karloff? Lee or ?) whose face is repeated most times.

C—print the name of the television personality whose picture has been sneaked in not once but twice among the horror folk. The Mystery Guest has nothing to do with monsters—unless you qualify the Mystery Guest as a monster because their weekly TV show is monstrously successful. But you'll find one face twice in the puzzle that really doesn't belong with the Mummy, Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde, Count Dracula, the Ghoul, Gwynplaine (The Man Who Laughs), et al.

FIRST FAN to get all 3 correct—A . . . B . . . C—will receive a coupon worth FIFTY DOLLARS ($50.00) that can be exchanged for any half-a-hundred dollars' worth of Ghoulish Goodies he or she may wish to select from the ads in the back of this issue! This even includes Rare Back Issues of Collectors Item Copies of FAMOUS MONSTERS, SPACEMEN or MONSTER WORLD, if that's what you want most.

Second person to get all 3 answers correct gets $25 worth of Captain Company books, posters, records, T-shirts, movie reels or whatever.

Third correct set: $15 worth of Captain Co. incomparable merchandise.

Prizes 4 thru 10 (those counting the correct number and naming the actor who appears most times but failing to correctly identify the Mystery Guest) each will receive a full Free Year Subscription (or extension) to FM.

Prize Winners 11 thru 15 (who either count correct or name the actor with most appearances in the puzzle but miss on the other two scores) will get the opportunity to increase their filmonster IQs by receiving a PASS admitting them FREE to Every Day, Every Night and Every Event of the SECOND ANNUAL FAMOUS MONSTERS CONVENTION!

Only one entry per reader.

Don't delay! Turn the page and enter the Contest TODAY! A Quarter Hundred Prizes worth Over Three Hundred Dollars ($300.00) positively will be given away!





END



THE HUNCH OF NOTRE



BACK DAME

a tale of terror...torture ...treachery...of a creature half man, half monster... a Filmbook of the horror classic that earned Lon Chaney immortal fame.

A UNIVERSAL SUPER JEWEL PRODUCTION was what the Studio proudly called its picture when they produced Victor Hugo's classic novel of the doubly crippled Quasimodo: contorted in mind as well as body.

It is unlikely that I had yet reached my 7th birthday when I first saw THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME in 1923. And how it thrilled me! I probably believed every moment of it at



Esmeralda recoils in horror from close contact with Quasimodo.

the time. What did I know of the secrets of make-up then? It may have been the first time I ever even heard of Lon Chaney.

Late in January of this year I saw the Chaney version of THE HUNCHBACK again. (I have, of course, seen the Laughton & Quinn versions in between, and re-seen Chaney's film on a variety of occasions.) I do not mind telling you that, at 48, Chaney's performance still sent chills up & down my spine and I left the theater with a lump in my throat about as large as the hump on Lon's back.

To me, to see the Master of Them ALL in THE HUNCHBACK is still a rare & wonderful emotional experience. I hope I can share it with you in the following pages, partly with the story but mainly with the pictures collected over a period of 40 years.

Forrest J Ackerman
Editor
Famous Monsters of Filmland

Chapter 1
ESMERALDA'S STRANGE MEMORIES

I want to write down my thoughts in some sort or order because I feel they are somehow different from the thoughts of those with whom I live. I know that these Gypsies are my people, and still . . .

Life seems so mysterious to me, so full of strange patterns and grotesque figures . . . I try to explain to myself about it all and can scarce find the words to fit the feeling . . . But it is as if I had blundered from a real, *awake* world into a dream world and had never again been able to find myself a way out again . . .

I know that I am Esmeralda the dancer, and that Clopin is my guardian (a sort of father, I suppose); but I know, too, that I wasn't always Esmeralda, that I must, sometime, somewhere, have been somebody else, somebody very different . . .

I have such poor, frail little memories. They are not enough at all. They are not strong enough to guide me out of this dream world into the real world from which I must have come, a long time ago . . .

They are like this: I remember great, lovely rooms, with high ceilings and tall vases of sweet flowers and pleasant faces everywhere about, dissolving in and out of a sort of mist—one face lovelier than all of the others because it is so filled with love of me. I remember a shell-like thing, deep and warm and comfortable—a bed, I think; and I remember being tucked into it at night and then I hear sweet words murmuring in both my ears—words that sound like the words of the prayers Dom Claude says at the holy church, Notre Dame . . .



Quasimodo threatens to strike man who taunted him.

These things keep coming back to me, all of the while, but I can't make them clear. They want to come out of the mist. They are like poor shadows, lovely but lonely, too; and coming to me, they fill me with loneliness.

And after these memories I remember only Clopin, with his deep, deep eyes. Kind eyes for me. Kind eyes, too, for all the dream creatures who live in the Court of Miracles—

Chapter 2
THE SHAPE-CHANGERS . . . AND OTHER PECULIAR PEOPLE

Ah, yes, the Court of Miracles! I must write of that, too. The Court of Miracles used to be so very wonderful to me when I was smaller. I believed in it like some little children I have read about in books believe in a being called Santa Claus. In the Court of Miracles real miracles happened. My friends would go out in tbe mornings, into the streets of Paris. One could find them, unexpectedly, standing on street corners, blind or halt and lame. One could find tbem on the broad steps of Notre Dame, begging with whining voices. That is where Clopin always sat, cringing, but with such a light in his deep, deep eyes. I never could quite tell whether that light was for love or for hate . . .

And then, at nigbt time, they would all come back to the Court of Miracles, and as soon as they came in, lo! the miracles! They were no longer blind, they were no longer halt nor lame. Clopin no longer cringed and whined, but sat instead upon an immense bigh chair and was the King of all the crowded figures.

And he used to say fierce things I didn't understand—then. He used to cry all the time, "Down with the Aristocrats!", and I didn't know for a long while that when he said "aristocrats" he meant the Beautiful Ones, for that is what I called them. The Beautiful Ones whom I would sometimes see driving by in fine coaches or dashing by on borses, brave and brilliant. I used to feel that they were the real ones and that we, who crawled and danced and wept about and around Notre Dame, were the funny nightmare things who would suddenly awake.

Of course we never did.

Now I have grown up, really, and I understand a great many things I never understood when I was little.

But it helps me to understand still better if I write down my thoughts on sheets of wbite paper. The little black letters on the fair white sheets straighten misty things all out for me. Someday I may know what all this is about. Some of it I understand now.

Dom Claude has helped me a great deal. He is the ministering priest of Nôtre Dame. He helps everyone. No one is too foul or too wretched for



Clopin & Quasimodo clash as Dom Claude attempts to restrain the Hunchback.

Villainy afoot as Jehan plots to use Quasimodo for foul purpose.



his kind white hands to minister to. His face is so thin that it sometimes seems as though his spirit shines right through . . . It will, someday!

Dom Claude has helped make many things clear to me—Clopin, for instance. I really love Clopin but sometimes I can't understand him. He is so strong and kingly when he is with his "people" as he calls them in the Court of Miracles; and he is kind to me and to the Gypsy Queen in our home. I know that he loves me very dearly and that he would die for me on the guillotine if need be. But I could never understand how he could be so cruel to other people and why he spent his days on the steps of Notre Dame, cringing and whining, when I *know* that he is brave.

Dom Claude says he is a strong, *twisted* soul. He says that Clopin has great *knots* in his spirit. And when I asked him if he didn't think I could untie the knots and make Clopin tall and whole, he sighed and shook his head and said, "Ah, my child, none but God can wrestle with the soul of Clopin, now!"

And then there is Sister Gudule, the poor crazy woman who lives in a sort of cell under the shadow of Notre Dame. Night and day and day and night she cries for her lost baby. Dom Claude says she is an example of a great love upsetting reason. He says that I should be very tender and compassionate with her because long ago the gypsies stole her baby and her baby was all her life to her. But Sister Gudule won't let me be kind and compassionate to her. Every time I pass she cries out upon me with horrible curses and cries. I feel that she hates me.

Chapter 3
THE HOLY MOTHER'S CREATURE OF HORROR

And then there is the Hunchback of Notre Dame!

Quasimodo, the one-eyed, the bandy-legged, ugly as an ape, the devil himself, I have heard him called. His face has been described as one of miraculous ugliness:

Bulbous, bloated nose . . .

Horse-shoe mouth . . .

Little left eye stubbled up with an eyebrow of carroty bristles, the right completely overwhelmed and buried by an enormous wen . . .

Irregular teeth, jagged here and there like the battlements of a fortress . . .

Horny lip, over which one of his teeth protrude like the tusk of an elephant . . .

Forked chin . . .

And above all, the expression—a mixture of spite and melancholy spread over these horrific features.

His prodigious bead is covered with red bristles.

Between his shoulders rises an enormous bump, counterbalanced by a protuberance in front.

His thighs and legs are so strangely put together that they touched at no one point but the knees. Seen in front, they resemble two sickles joined at the handles.

His feet are immense, his hands monstrous, but with all this deformity there is a formidable air of strength, agility and courage, constituting a single exception to the eternal rule that force, as well as beauty, shall result from harmony.

He looks like a giant who has been broken in pieces and ill-soldered together.

When this sort of Cyclops appears on the threshold of the chapel, motionless, squat, almost



Quasimodo selects garment for girl (Esmeralda) who has befriended him.

as broad as high, "the square of his base", as a great man expresses it, the people instantly recognize him hy his coat, half red and half purple, sprinkled with silver bells, and, more especially, by the enormity of his ugliness.

Chapter 4
BY THE WORLD REVILED

Dom Claude says he is a poor blind soul living in a poor deformed body and that the world only gets in to him through crazy crevices and apertures.

He says that the Hunchback has animal instincts like all mankind and that he feels within his hideous hody the revulsion of the world. Dom Claude says that the world to Quasimodo is just a parade of revolted faces and averted eyes and that he hates them all hack again, with a hideous, uncouth frenzy. One can scarce reach his soul through the horror of his hody, the good Dom says, and that is the tragic part of it.

"Has he no placé where he can see the light?" I asked the Dom.

"The solemn hells of Notre Dame," the Father said, "they are the voices of his baffled soul to him. They are the only voices his soul can hear. They ring for him, at his behest. They are his gods. No friendship, no communion with God, no love of woman is possihle for him. Only the hells are possible. Only what they say to him can he hear. He is as faithful to them as I to the Church I serve, as you to your ideals, as a man to his wife. In Death he will he likewise faithful to them. You may live to see that yet, my child."

I felt that I should be kind to him, but when I dance and he squats on the outer edge of the circle watching me, I shudder and my flesh creeps. I recoil and my own recoil is mirrored in his eyes. He would crush me in his terrihle hairy arms if he could.

I tell this to Dom Claude and the good man says that I must bear in mind that Quasimodo is one of God's creatures, too. "Only when you have suffered greatly, my daughter," the Father said, "only then will all the things of earth become bearahle to you."

Chapter 5
"I FELT AS Q. MUST FEEL"

Today I saw Prince Charming.

I read of him once in a hook Clopin got for me. The fairy-tale book said that he was tall and smiling and clad from head to foot in shining armor. He wore a helmet on his kingly head, it said, and rode a dashing stallion white as milk. I never thought that I, Esmeralda, a gypsy girl, would be granted a sight of him.

Now, almost every day, when my little tent is pitched in the square outside of Notre Dame and I come out to dance for pennies and applause, now, every day, Prince Charming is there, too.

Sometimes he only dashes hy on his great stallion. Sometimes he pauses and watches me dance and his eyes meet my eyes and all the colors in the sky of morning and evening dance and swirl, like gorgeous scarfs, before me.

Clopin tells me to stop dancing when "the accursed Aristocrat" goes hy. I have to do what Clopin tells me to. But nothing stops the dancing of my heart.

I don't even tell Dom Claude about Prince Charming. I fear he might not fully understand.



Chaney menaces heroine, Patsy Ruth Miller. (Nota Wolfman-like hairy hands, make-up similar to that used years later by his son in his characterization of Larry Talbot, the lycanthrope.)

The other night Prince Charming spoke to me. I felt as Quasimodo must feel when he hears the bells of Notre Dame speaking to his soul. My soul had never been awake until Prince Charming spoke to me. Then it woke up and I knew that I would never be the same again. I was transported, but I suffered, too. I suffered because I knew into what horrors I would fall if never again should his voice sing in my ears.

Chaptar 6
THE DARK BROTHER

There is one person I do not fully understand. And the only other person about whom I have never spoken to Dom Claude. That person is Dom Claude's brother Jehan. Jehan sometimes comes to the court of Miracles and talks in low dark tones to Clopin. I do not think that Clopin likes Jehan but he thinks that Jehan can help him make things right for his people. Dom Claude says that the greatest knot in Clopin's soul comes from the fact that he cannot see that *all people in the world are His people* and not just the poor creatures that stay with us in the Court of Miracles.

I told that to Clopin, but he only groaned in a way he has and stroked my head and said that dreams were fair food for priests and angels.

But Jehan—Jehan looks at me when I am in any way near him. He always looks at me, his eyes following and following and following . . . His eyes remind me of the rats that sometimes slink along the sewer sides and frighten some of our people when they are coming home from their "work". I am afraid of Jehan. I am much more afraid of him than I am of Quasimodo.

Lately, too, I have seen Jehan talking with Quasimodo and then I have seen Quasimodo shuffle away, licking his lips in a terrible way he has . . . I told the Gypsy Queen that I thought they were up to some mischief. "Clopin will take care of it," she said.

Chapter 7
IN THE CLUTCH OF Q.

I can scarce write this tonight, I am so frightened.

In the evening when I was coming home, wrapped in my cloak, I was suddenly aware of two skulking figures. Horrible.

All of a sudden I was seized and there was a sound of foul breathing and strange talk and then I realized that Quasimodo had me in his grasp and that the slight sinister figure of Jehan was crouched against the walls in the shadows, skulking, skulking, rat-like . . .

My screams died before they were born. This was the horror past horror: to be touched, to be grasped by Quasimodo . . . I was like to live in that most sickening vise, for die I could not for sheer force of horror, when, like a bright sword cleaving through the night, Prince Charming came charging upon us . . .



Kidnapped by Quasimodo, Esmeralda faints. Insane Sister Gudule, in basement window, curses her, little realizing (till revelation at end of picture) that "gypsy" girl is her own long-lost daughter!

In less time than it takes to tell I was rescued, mounted on the milk-white stallion. Ah, the cold feel of his armor! Ab, the brave strength of his arms!

He took me to an odd, small place and brougbt me wine and bread. He said that I must eat after so terrible an adventure. It was a curious place and a curious old woman served us and stood back of me, smiling strangely. Prince Charming told me that his name was Pboebus. He, too, was strange with me.

I talked to him a little of myself. I sbowed him the circlet my unremembered mother bad once clasped about my throat. "I am not afraid to go about alone," I said to him "for my mother once told me that while I wore this chain no barm could befall me."

Phoebus was so strange tben! He was quiet and told me tbat that day His Majesty The King had made him Captain of the Royal Guard. A little later be took me bome.

Chapter 8
BETRAYED & BEATEN

They beat Quasimodo in tbe public place. Tortured him. They bared his monstrous body to the world and lasbed him. That monstrous, poor body! Ah, God, bow could tbey? How *could* they? Dom Claude bas said they know not what they do. Tbat must be so. And it was because of me. Quasimodo was arrested for kidnapping. Jehan made him do it, that I know. But Jehan is the rat that bides in the sewers of Paris.

A crowd, to wbom the appearance of 4 sergeants posted at the 4 corners of the pillory since 9:00 in the morning intimated tbat some poor wretch was about to suffer, bad increased so rapidly that the sergeants had been obliged more than once to keep it back by means of their borses' heels and the free use of their wbips.

The mob, accustomed to wait for hours for public executions, did not manifest any angry impatience but amused itself by gazing at the pillory upon which was a horizontal wheel of oak.

Quasimodo, tied to the tail of a cart, was at length brought forward; and when be bad been hoisted upon the platform, where be could be seen from all points of tbe place, bound witb cords and tbongs upon tbe wbeel of tbe pillory, a prodigious hooting—mingled witb laugbter and acclamations—burst from tbe mob. They had recognized Quasimodo.

Quasimodo never stirred; he did not so much as frown. All resistance, indeed, upon his part was rendered impossible by the chains and the thongs curring deep into his missbapen flesh. His face betrayed no otber emotion than the astonishment of a savage or an idiot. He was known to he deaf, but you would bave supposed him to be blind also.

He was placed on his knees upon tbe circular wheel. His shirt was ripped off and be allowed himself to be stripped to the waist witbout oppo-



sition.

A roar of laughter burst from the cruel mob when it beheld Quasimodo's naked hump, his camel breast and his scaly and hairy shoulders. Amid all this mirth, a man of short stature and robust frame ascended the platform and placed himself by the side of the victim.

He was the fearsome master tormentor.

Chapter 9
THE WHEEL OF PAIN

The wheel began to turn as the flogger stamped his feet. Quasimodo shook in his bonds.

The amazement suddenly expressed in the Hunchback's hideous face drew fresh shouts of laughter from the spectators.

The tormentor raised his arm, over which hung a whip composed of long white glistening thongs, twisted and teethed with sharp bits of metal. The thin lashes hissed in the air like so many vipers and descended with fury upon the back of the unlucky wretch . . .

Quasimodo started like one awakened from a dream.

He began to comprehend the meaning of the scene—he writhed in his bonds.



Quasimodo must be dragged away forceably from the Judge after cruel verdict has been rendered upon him.



The dull-witted hunchback does not understand what is happening to him es he is driven to the village square in an ox-cart.

Quasimodo tugs futilely at the metal chains which bind him to the slowly revolving Wheel of Pein.



A violent contraction of pain and surprise distorted the muscles of his face but he heaved not a single sigb. He merely turned his head one way and the other, balancing it like a bull stung by a gadfly.

A second stroke succeeded the first then came another and another.

The wheel continued to turn and the blows to fall. The swart shoulders of the Hunchback were afire with pain.

Quasimodo relapsed, in appearance at least, into his former apathy. He had endeavored, at first quietly and without great external effort, to burst his bonds. His eye was seen to flash, his muscles to swell, his limbs to gather themselves up, and the thongs, cords and chains to stretch.

The effort was mighty, prodigious, desperate; but the old shackles seemed too tough. They cracked and tbat was all.

Quasimodo sank down, exhausted. He closed his only eye, dropped his head upon his breast and feigned deatb.

Chapter 10
SOUL OF A MONSTER

Time passed.

The fury of the people was expressed not less actively in their faces than their words. For an hour at least Quasimodo had been exposed to incessant ill-usage—slashed, jeered and almost stoned. Big drops of scarlet sweat fought their way along his back and hestial chest, staining the oaken wheel beneath him.

He was deaf hut he was sharp-sighted. At first he slowly rolled around a look of menace at the crowd but then he struggled in bis bonds and his furious controtions made the old wheel of the pillory creak upon its axis.

The crowd drew back in fear that the angry chained heast might hreak loose and revenge himself for his cruel treatment.

Suddenly, hreaking his self-imposed silence, Quasimodo cried in a hoarse and furious voice, like the roaring of a wild animal:

"I thirst!"

This cry of distress served only to heighten the mirth of the good people of Paris. "Water! I thirst!" he cried repeatedly, only to be mocked and pelted with the foulest of liquids. Tbere was none who would go near his hideous body.

I gave him water from the fountain, cool water, and covered his poor revolting body with the tattered garment tbey had torn from him. My hands toucbed his miserable flesh and his eyes—his eye—turned to see who bad tbus stooped to touch him. From the look on his face I shrank, shrank in some explicable way akin to the shrinking I feel when Prince Charming looks on me. I can't explain that. It is too deep for me. Only I knew that within the deep-dug wells of that unspeakable soul a love beyond man's feeble explanations was marvelously horn. I had heen kind to him. My bands had touched him. A woman's hands! His helpless flesh was powerless to say the things born in his half-blind soul. But I knew. I knew!

He groaned: *"Thank you . . . "*

Chapter 11
"A MADMAN'S JEST"

Dom Claude said that I should suffer to know the pity of the world. Ah me, ah me! In a cell, in a prison cell, I have learned the pity of life



"I thirst!" cried the tormented wretch and the compassionate Esmeralda overcome her emotion of revulsion to bring him weter.

and deatb and the limitless pain of love. But what is Life to me? And where is Love? *For they have killed Prince Charming!*

They have killed him and, in the Courts of the King, Justice has had it that it was *I* wbo killed him. *I,* wbo love him more than Life and all that Life can hold! I laughed in the face of the King's Justice. I laughed like laughter beard in hell. It was so horrible, a madman's jest. Tbat I sbould kill Pheobus, whose every drop of blood is cherished in my heart.

And yet it was, in some sad measure, my own fault.

Pheobus had been made Captain of the Guard. A ball was to be given in his honor and be bade me go with him. I begged him not to do so mad a thing. I made excuses that I had no gown but Phoebus was masterful and had his way with me.

He must and would, on the night bonoring him, take the fairest lady in all France to the ball. It was his heart's desire and who was I that I should hold from him his least desire?

Jehan saw us go into the home of the nobles. He told Clopin and they followed us to the house . . .

I would avoid recording that scene. After all, time is so short with me. Even now—the shadow of the axe—

Chapter 12
DEATH MY ONLY RIVAL

Phoebus had given me into the care of two serving women and for tbe first time in my life I was dressed as—as a noblewoman. It was curious how much at home I felt. More at home than in my gypsy rags.

And not only at home but happy when Phoebus came to lead me into the ballroom and told me again that I was the most beautiful woman in all of France . . . Madame de Gondelaurier and her daughter did not agree with Pheobus, I take it. Pheobus was in a manner engaged to Fleur de Lys, the daughter of Madame, before he and I had looked upon one another. Sbe, Mademoiselle Fleur de Lys, was beautiful and fair, but somehow I felt no fear of ber. Death was my only rival—even then.

We were in tbe ballroom when Clopin and his "people" came in. A terrific scene was impending, bloodshed and danger to my Prince Charming when I announced that I no longer cared for Pboebus. Ah, I know now how bravely women lie! Even there, among his friends, and with the infuriated Clopin and his friends threatening them all with death, even then Phoebus pleaded witb me to convess our love.

And they say that I killed him! I! It seems to me that I shall smile upon the chopping-block at tbat absurdity. For I shall smile. With me the block shall be but the doorway to something perhaps better than this life. Our love has robbed the knife of all its pain.

But to get back: After that scene with Clopin in the home of Madame, I determined to enter



In his hands he holds his most prizad possassions, his candlas. Thesa ha is willing to sall to buy baautiful things for the Gypsy girl who seems tha most beautiful thing in the world to him—naxt to his baloved Cathadral.

Now, half-wittedly, little realizing ha is doing wrong, Quasimodo doas tha bidding of tha evil Jehan and accosts tha lovaly Esmaralda.



the Holy Church. There, in the garh of the nuns, I might find peace among those who must foreswear all passion. I told Phoebus I would meet him once again in the holy garden of Notre Dame.

Then, in the moonlight, before I knew it—a stah in the hack, and Phoebus lay at my feet . . .

Chapter 13
"A MAMMOTH GRAVEYARD"

I do not fear the ax. It cannot come too soon. Now I know that I am separate from Clopin and his "people". The world and all its causes, lost and found, is but a mammoth graveyard to my beart, a mammoth graveyard monumenting my poor dead Phoebus . . . Poor buman things . . . Phoehus who loved me not wisely but too well . . . Clopin with his knotted passionate soul . . . Jehan with that rat-like slime in his eyes . . . Quasimodo communing with the bells of Notre Dame . . . At last, at last—young as I am, made old and wise hy love, I see that they go to the same goal by the varying paths of hate and love . . .

I have heen taken away to rest. And after I have written these last words I shall rest well.

The day came when they took me to the hlock. Ah, bruised heart of the world and mockery of the "justice" of Mankind, what suffering I knew as I was led along the streets of Paris! And yet, it was not so mucb for myself that I bled as for the men who were doing this thing to me. It came to me how much of beauty men can kill for ugliness and pain. Pheobus, so young to die, and I so young to follow him—and so glad within . . .

Before I came to die they gave me leave to pray as is tbeir custom upon the doorstep of Notre Dame. From witbin the great cathedral there came the chiming of the bells. The bells that told all Paris another victim was going to execution.

The bells that were being rung by Quasimodo. I thought of him, of his poor blind soul within his monstrous body. I thought of the stricken pity of his face and of the awful longing in his half-blinded eyes when they heheld my face. Because I had laid upon his misshapen self a kindly hand, he gave me the isolated love of his poor maltreated heart! Poor Quasimodo, that his sbould he the hand to ring my death knell! I prayed that he might never know what victim he was tolling to the grave!

Chapter 14
SNATCHED FROM THE AX

But he knew and he saved me!

His task done, he bent, as was his habit, over the parapet of Notre Dame to watch, with the other spectators, the demise of another "victim". I could imagine, I can imagine now, how he must have chuckled when he knew that another of his tormentors was going into extinction, for all the world and all the men and women in the world were his tormentors to Quasimodo.

And tben he must have seen me! I wasn't so much a girl, victimized and unbefriended to Quasimodo; I was a soft hand that had touched his repulsive flesh and a kind face tbat had shone down to him out of the murky mists that hovered like a dark cloud, shadowing his dull mind.

His whole distorted soul concentrated.

All the disrupted elements in him came together, so Dom Claude bas explained to me, and down



When they filmed the story of Chaney's life, MAN OF 1,000 FACES, this was the way James Cagney protrayed Quasimodo.



The "thin" Hunchback, slimmest of them all, was Anthony Quinn.



Quesimodo saems to grow more "human" with each interpretetion. When lest seen in 1957, he was not nearly as shocking es Lon Chenay. Still, not quite the kind of boy a girl would want to teka home to mother—unless mother was e Munster.



Quinn-modo goes to his cruel fate.

the rope that led to the execution block, down from the dizzy height of Notre Dame, quietly, quietly, like a cat, swiftly, swiftly, came the Hunchhack. Before I, before Dom Claude in the doorway, before the executioner or any of the crowd were aware of the grotesque hlur against the sky, Quasimodo was upon me, had carried me within the sacred precincts of the Holy Church.

"SANCTUARY!" he cried.

One cannot violate sanctuary. While I was within Notre Dame the executioner's ax was powerless.

Poor Quasimodo, how he tended me there! How he took his treasures—his treasured candles—and sold them that he might buy me a velvet robe for my hody and slippers edged with fur for my feet! How he slept outside my door and awoke at my lightest footfall to gaze upon me with the enormity of his worship and subjection. I came to have an odd fondness for the slumbering mass that was Quasimodo. Under that massive flesh something splendid stirred from its ghoulish dreams . . .

Clopin was planning my salvation. Quasimodo bad been *there*, at the Court of Miracles.

Chaptar 15
OF MEN AND FLAME AND DEATH

And then the End. The horrifying, sensational, tragic end . . . for all hut me!

Clopin and his "people" bombarded Notre Dame. They had heard that I was in sanctuary there, awaiting a new trial, and had come to "save" me. They arrived with burning spears and swords, witb pillage and destruction in tbeir soul. The nobles were called out; the King's Guard and the opposing forces met at the entrance to Notre Dame.

Quasimodo and I watched the hroiling madness of men and flame and death far beneath us. To me it meant only tbat Pheobus was dead but to Quasimodo it meant that some body of men was daring to desecrate the Cathedral.

Once again the twisted elements within his contorted body came together, this time to destroy rather than save, althougb no doubt he would have confused the two and said—could he have said—that the one time he saved me, whom he loved, and the next time he saved Notre Dame, which he loved even more, I think.

Ah, nightmare scene of horror!

Blocks of granite heyond tbe power of man to move an inch, with superhuman strength he carried them to the parapets and pusbed them over, crushing those unfortunates beneath upon whose unsuspecting bodies they fell.

A huge length of lumher he grasped in his gnarled hands, staggered to the rail of the Cathedral, heaved the heavy wood upon the heads of those at the base of the churcb . . . and a moment later cries of anguish rose to the heavens as broken bodies writhed beneath the great weight that pinned them to the ground like butterflies.

Then Clopin's people seized upon the length of wood with glad cries of "The Hunchback" has sent us a hattering ram!" and began to break down the Cathedral door.

Chapter 16
QUASIMODO AMOK

At this Quasimodo went berserk. He all but



Trussed up like an animal, the Hunchbeck looks to heeven for mercy.

threw himself upon the mob. Quasimodo knew nothing of Japanese fighters' suicidal *kamikaze* death dives, for these mad acts of war were not yet to come for centuries; hut he almost sacrificed his life in a lethal leap upon those massed below. No douht he would have thought it well worth his life could he hut wipe out a handful of the barbarians who were intent on entering the Cathedral.

Now a wild inspiration seized the wild creature. *The molten pots of metal!* He pushed first one, then another, to the edge of the parapet . . . tipped them over . . .and a rain of fiery liquid fell in scalding sheets on the thick-packed press of humanity!

The people fell like flies before a furnace hlast, moths massacred by the scorching breath of a desert sandstorm as the red-hot "soup" of lead spilled upon their writing, shriveling, perishing bodies.

Screams of pain split the air, dying moans of torment from the fatally hurned.

High above, like a living gargoyle in his eyrie, Quasimodo danced an ape-like dance of exultation and beat his drum-like chest with savage satisfaction.

It was an incredihle scene of horror: that awful twisted figure silhouetted against the glaring, hloody sky, an engine of hate pouring over great buckets of molten metal, staggering back and forth to the parapets, teetering perilously on that high ridge of destruction.

Quasimodo—triumphant!

Chapter 17
DEATH OF A VILLAIN

But while he vented his rage and hatred on his tormenters helow, a dark scene was being enacted elsewhere: suddenly the sinister Jehan confronted me and made plain his intentions to have me for his own.

I fought Jehan as hest I could hut my feeble strength was no match for his masculine determination.

I thought I would faint in horror when—suddenly—Quasimodo, bless his tortured soul, missed



Chained to the pillory, where the sands of time trickle s-l-o-w-l-y.

me . . . and came to my rescue. When his eye lit on Jehan and surmised the harm he meant me, the transformation in Quasimodo was apalling to behold. His nostrils flared. His bloodshot eye bulged. He snarled with the ghastly grimace of an unleashed jungle beast.

Then—he *pounced.*

He leapt upon the cowering Jehan like a wild thing bereft of his senses. He shook the craven coward like a rag doll. Smashed him to the floor. Dragged him to bis feet again. Clutcbed him, carried him to the rim of the parapet, lifted him higb over his head . . . and then . . .

Tbe treacherous Jehan *stabbed* Quasimodo! Once . . . twice . . . the deep blade of the dagger drank blood to its hilt.

Over Quasimodo's borrible face there spread an awful expression of disbelief.

A life for a life! He flung tbe damnable murderer from him, watched him fall, like a black spider, in a wide arc to his dreadful death on the rougb cobblestones below.

Chapter 18
QUASIMODO'S LAST ACT

For me, it was a moment of supreme horror, followed by a moment of supreme joy: Phoebus appeared—*alive!* At first I thought bim a phantom a conjured vision of my fevered imagination which had been so sorely tried by the events of the past hour. But no—my dearest lived, a miracle whose explanation I was later to learn. Tben, it mattered only that he was tbere, as if resurrected from the grave.

Quasimodo saw—and cringed as tbough from salt rubbed in fresh wounds. But then he made a sign, a sign of patbetic understanding, of forgiveness that it was not he for whom I felt the ultimate love.

And he crawled away to die. To the bells, his beloved bells. He tolled his own death-knell, told the world that Quasimodo tbe ugly, the unwanted, the unloved and hate-haunted, was quitting life.

One last labored breath and he slumped in a heap and expired.

The Hunchback of Notre Dame was dead. **END**

HORROR HOTEL

--where the guests are ghosts!



Hand of horror turns guest into ghost at ghastly hotel.



The village cutups, a couple of real knife people.

village of the dead

PROFESSOR" Christopher Lee, doctor of devilry, sends innocent young student Venetia Stevenson to her eventual doom when she comes to him for advice on the history & practice of Black Magic in America.

"Whitewood is the town for you," he tells her. "This little village in Massachusetts has a heavy heritage of witchcraft." Salem was more famous—or infamous—in the dark dread days of witch-hunts & witch-hurnings but it is in little known Whitewood, he assures her, that a residue of witchcraft still resides.

Venetia's hrother, professor Dennis Lotis, derides Lee's recommendation, and student Tom Naylor, who is fond of Venetia, finds the odd notion of her delving into witchcraft ohnoxious.

Nevertheless, Venetia sets out for the CITY OF THE DEAD (as the film was called in England) . . . and her involuntary date with death.

"just ring for doom service"

This film, one of the early efforts (1963) of Milton Suhotsky, who was later to give you THE SKULL, DR. TERROR'S HOUSE OF HORRORS and the brand new DEADLY BEES;—this film was the picture which introduced the famous catchline ahout "doom service".

Venetia arrives in Whitewood to find it laden with an atmosphere of hrooding evil, a strange decaying town, like something out of Lovecraft.

The only hotel may have once been the local version of Grand Hotel but it now more resemhles Grand Guignol.

The proprietress of the inn is Patricia Jessel. The inn is headquarters for witches & warlocks. All manner of diabolical things go on in the inn behind locked doors.

From the moment she arrives, Venetia is marked to become one of the Inn Group.

"the blood is the life"

Altho no one would guess it, the inn's owner is 300 years old.

Blood has been her vitamins.

Herself a witcb, she is in league with the Devil, and periodically makes sacrifices to his Satanic Majesty in order to prolong her own life.

In the hlood of Venetia she sees a renewal of her longevity.

A hlind minister, Norman Macowan, senses the evil in Whitewood and in Patricial Jessel. "Go, girl!" he warns Venetia. "Leave, before it is too late. This town is in the hands of the Devil and his disciples. They will destroy your body to get your soul."

But Venetia is too modern-minded to fear witchcraft—and for this she pays with her life.



At the mercy of the merciless devil worshipers.

And someone forgot to call the Fire Department!





Burned, Witch, Burned!

On Candlemas Eve the foolhardy Venetia spies on the rites of the devil cult, is caught—and made a human sacrifice hy Patricia Jessel and her coven of 13.

victims of evil

The minister's daughter, Betta St. John, fearing for the safety of Venetia (and not knowing it is too late to save her), tells the father & hoyfriend of Venetia of her fears. Shortly after, her own father is found dying.

With his last hreath, the hlind minister tells Venetia's father: "The cross—the shadow of a cross. Catch those devils together in the cemetery and throw the shadow of a cross over them. It will—" And he is dead.

Betta herself is kidnaped hy the witches & warlocks and taken to the nearby cemetery for sacrifice. To our surprise & horror we see that one of the hlack-cowled figures is—*Christopher Lee!*

at war with the witches

The Witching Hour approaches.
The dark disciples of demonic powers gather ahout the captive girl, preparing to offer up her soul to the devil.

A knife's keen edge poised at her throat, she tremhles in helpless terror.

The clock hegins to chime the 12 tones of midnight.

The evil 13 hegin their incantation that can destroy.

At the last moment, Professor Lotis & Tom Naylor, acting on the advice of the dead minister, save Betta from the hlasphemous fate—and all the fire & hrimstone of the Devil cheated hreak loose as Satan rains the fires of Hell on those witches & warlocks who have failed him.

The cemetery hecomes a pandemonium of shrieking figures, flaming hodies, smoking shrouds, as the dying devotees of evil crash hlindly into each other in their pain & agony.

After it is over, Patricia Jessel's charred hody is found hack at the hotel, hehind the clerk's desk of the inn.

And ahove the dead hody our attention focuses on a plaque on the wall which reveals that she was hurned to death as a witch on the same site —in 1692.

Said one reviewer: *A spine-chilling melodrama enhanced by eerie setting, ace production & direction, as well as competent performances by the entire cast. In spots, truly horrific!*

END

UNCLE CREEPY COUSIN EERIE



UNCLE CREEPY painted by SANJULIAN 28"x20" of pulsating pigments. Compliment to Eerie, companion to 6' Vampi! #2948, UNCLE CREEPY POSTER, $2.00



COUSIN EERIE painted by SANJULIAN 28"x20" of horrendous hues! There's never been such a portrait! #2946, COUSIN EERIE POSTER, $2.00

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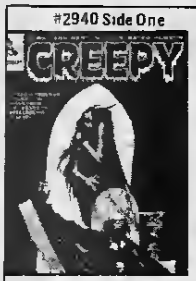
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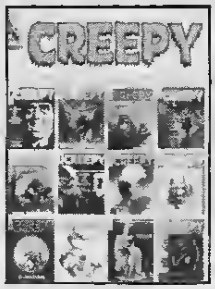
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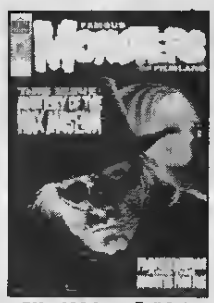
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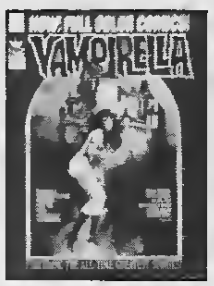
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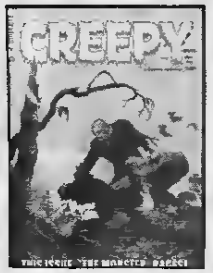
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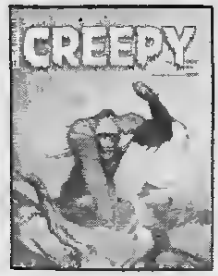
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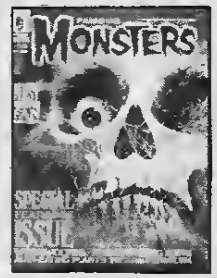
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DRACULA FLIES AGAIN!



IT HAPPENED IN HORRORWOOD

On the first Sunday in March, shortly after the sun had set, Count Alucard appeared on Hollywood Blvd.

With him were his creepy cohorts: the Frankenstein monster, the Man-Made Monster, Kharis the Mummy and the lycanthropic Larry Talhot, alias the Wolf Man.

Yes, you guessed it: Lon Chaney, son of senior!

haunts upon a time

You might call it a feary tale with a harpy ending.

For days in advance the press & TV news services had been preparing the nervous citizens of Cinema City for a certain annual dread event.

Three times before it had happened.

This was #4.

The 4th Annual Ann Radcliffe Awards of the Count Dracula Society.

The principal winner was Lon Chaney. Another, the editor of this magazine. On a nitely newscast, TV watchers heard FJA asked how he got interested in such "batty" things. He replied:

"I think I owe it all to the father of the man we're honoring, the greatest filmonster who ever lived, who with his superb characterization of Erik, THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, opened my eyes—wide—to the wonders of horror movies."

"And do you personally believe in vampires & such?"

"Not really. I just find them entertaining concepts."

"How about witches—what is it that they call a male witch?"

"A warlock."

"Are you a warlock?"

"No."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, I'm sure," said the editor, hut it was noted that he crossed his fingers and raised them in front of the camera.

"Have you ever met a witch?"

"I played with one recently."

"*Played* with one!"

"In a picture. Here, let me introduce you." And from the shadows he summoned Velana (Florence Marly), the QUEEN OF BLOOD.

female vampire!

"Do you like blood?" asked the announcer.

"Yes, very much. Preferably green blood."

"Green blood?"

"Yes, like my own."

"Then, you come from—"

"Another planet."

"And everybody's blood there is—"

"Green."



Larry Talbot was at the Banquet. Over him they raised quite a fuzz.

Honorary President of Count Dracula Society (Bela Lugosi, left) gives warm welcome to recent Banquet Guest of Horror, Lon the Wolf Man.





"No one can know my secret and live!" (His secret: the name he used in movies as a *stuntman!* Revealed in this article for the firstime. Read at your own peril!)



"How did you find out my real name is Creighton Tull Chaney?" Larry Talbot (right) asks Bela Frankenstein.

dinner with dracula

Then came the nite of nites, the much publicized, long awaited Awards of the Count Dracula Society, and there to participate was Lon Chaney himself, one of the inheritors from Bela Lugosi of the mantle of Dracula. The thrilling event was held in the famous Haunted House at Hollywood & Vine, and when Pres. Reed called out, "Ladies & Gentlemen, your attention—your attention, please! Mr. Lon Chaney has just arrived!", the 225 guests rose to their feet for a long sustained applause.

During the dinner, winner Chaney sat directly opposite winner Forrest Ackerman, who told me afterward that he learned several astonishing things from Lon, "for instance that at one time he worked in movies *under another name!* Sitting next to him was Boh Rosen, the Dracula Society's authority on Universal pictures and a real Chaney authority as well, and he was as startled hy this revelation as I. 'What *was* the name?' he dared ask, and we both held our breath, supposing that Chaney would probably not tell us. But instead he surprised us."

And for the firstime, Lon Chaney's *stuntman* name is revealed in *FM*.

It was . . . COLVIN.

Another thing Lon hrought up during the dinner was that he once composed a song. "For the film LUCKY DEVILS," he said. "I wrote it in 20 minutes—words & music—on the set. It was used in the picture and I got paid $1 for it!"

real ghoul guests

A real cool collection of guests was introduced before the program got underway. Among the monsterrific personalities assemhled in the Haunted House who rose and took a how were:

Wendayne Wahrman, author of *FM's* popular feature, "Rocket to the Rue Morgue" . . .

Curtis Harrington, director of NIGHT TIDE, author & director of QUEEN OF BLOOD . . .

Florence Marly, guest star of QUEEN OF BLOOD . . .

Gray Daniels, actor in GALLERY OF HORRORS . . .

Stuart J. Byrne, who had just sold THE LIBRARY OF DR. MALDONADO and DEAD MEN IN SPACE to the movies . . .

And the immensely popular Terri Pinckard, whose *FM* feature "Monsters Are *Good* for My Children!" was successful in changing the mind of many a parent who was originally against horror pictures.

Drac Dinner Guest af Hanar gets that Creepy feeling that samething Eerie is abaut ta happen ta him!



"In mavies I have been paid far 4 things," said Chaney (right) ta Dracula Saciety members. Learn what they were in this feature.



the weird awards

Then, for their various contributions to Gothic excellence, the winners received their handsome framed scrolls.

Robert Bloch received an Ann Radcliffe Award for his Hitchcock television hour *The Sign of Satan*, adapted from his weird tale "Return to the Sabbath" and starring Christopher Lee. In presenting the award, *FM's* editor kidded Bloch by saying:

"Who can ever forget the masterpieces he has given us such as:

"UNCLE TOM'S CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI . . .

"BATMAN & ROBINHOOD . . .

"And DR. GHOULFINGER.

"Yes," continued your editor, "that's Robert Bloch for you. He has the unique honor of being the only man here this evening who knew Ann Radcliffe personally." (In case you aren't aware, Mrs. Radcliffe was born 200 years ago.)

In making his acceptance speech, Mr. Bloch made such observations as:

"When you stop and think about it, wasn't Bela Lugosi the original batman?"

"Wasn't it horrible in the papers recently about that insane murderer who killed people so that he could cut out their insides and restring his tennis raquets? I say that took a lot of guts."

"When I wrote 'Psycho' I never dreamed people would go crazy over it."

And:

"I believe there'll always be a Dracula Society because it's the one club that has a stake in the future."

editor honored

First person to be honored twice was Forrest J Ackerman. The first year he had tied with Boris Karloff and both had been presented awards. This year he was recognized for his work on both *FAMOUS MONSTERS* and *MONSTER WORLD*. Presenting the Award was Walter J. Daugherty, who said:

"I have known Forry Ackerman for 31 years and that should be punishment enough for any one man, nevertheless they stuck me with this job."

post time

Then it was time for Don Post & his assistant to step forward and receive their rewards. They were very fortunate to be introduced by a monster movie star, Carroll (Luna) Borland, who played opposite Bela Lugosi in MARK OF THE VAMPIRE. Miss Borland, in dramatic movie actress fashion, told several interesting anecdotes, among them one about how she had been horrified, when she visited the cellar of the Magic Castle, to see the wax figure of Dracula there, and discovered a blasphemous booboo:

"They had given him brown eyes!" she cried. "Bela with *brown* eyes—? They were such an unmistakable *blue*. Caged near Bela was King Kong and when I looked closely at him I realized what had happened: they had given King Kong's brown eyes to Bela!"

She concluded by saying she was gratified, the lastime she visited the "wine" cellar of the Magic Castle, to observe that Bela's eyes were now blue, "but honestly, fellas," she said, "I'd have given you the Award anyway!"

In accepting the plaque, Verne Langdon spoke for his boss, saying, "I do my level best to build an image for Don befitting the master maker of monster masks but I just can't convince anyone he's a frightening person. Like Moby Dick, he always blows it!"

Under his breath Don managed to scare Verne, too. He said: "You're fired!" For the audience's sake, however, he expressed his thanks.

then lon came on

In an evening memorable for unusual entertainments, we now came to the absolute hi-lite: *Lon Chaney*.

"35 years ago," began Mr. Ackerman, "we lost the Phantom of the Opera, the Hunchback of Notre Dame, the ghoulish figure of LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT, THE MIRACLE MAN —the 'Man of A Thousand Faces'. It was Face #1001 for Lon Chaney Sr.—his death mask.

"But shortly thereafter we began to see another face that strongly resembled his—his son's. Lon was first known as Creighton Tull Chaney, then Lon Chaney Jr.; now for many years, he tells me, with a large family of children & grandchildren of his own, he is simply Lon Chaney.

"Of course his claim to fame does not depend exclusively on his appearance in monster films. He has had some distinguished roles in regular pictures—particularly the unforgettable Lenny, a towering achievement in OF MICE & MEN.

"The firstime he appeared in a fantastic role you couldn't exactly call it Gothic because it was in ONE MILLION B.C. and that was a little bit before the Gothic era was invented. Lon did a remarkable thing for that movie but unfortunately it didn't reach the screen: he created a great caveman make-up of his own. But because of Guild regulations it couldn't be used. Fortunately 2 fotos of this make-up were preserved and have been published so that we were able to see how good he was at it.

"In 1941, via an overdose of electricity, he became the MAN MADE MONSTER. And that same year he first appeared in his greatest monster role: THE WOLF MAN. I had occasion to find out just how well known & popular that portrayal was when I went out on the road for awhile with the people from the Don Post Stu-



There is no truth to the rumor thot the B.C. in ONE MILLION B.C. stood for Before Choney.

dios when they created a 3-times-a-day live show for monster fans: I found out how even the smallest children knew the Wolf Man and that his name in human form was Larry Talbot, and how he got killed, and so on.

"In 1942, Lon stepped into some very large boots indeed: those of Boris Karloff, which he had finally vacated after playing his immortal Frankenstein 3 times.

Lote Lionel Atwill, left, regords stor of MAN MADE MONSTER (Universol 1941, later re-releos-ed os ATOMIC MONSTER). Lon gove on electrify-ing performance ot Dracula Dinner.



"Then Lon was really on his way with FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN, THE SON OF DRACULA and THE MUMMY'S GHOST.

"In 1944 he made a film adapted from a great modern Gothic novel, 'Conjure Wife', and the movie was called WEIRD WOMAN.

"1945 was a hard year for Lon to stay alive as he:

"Played THE FROZEN GHOST . . .

"Suffered THE MUMMY'S CURSE . . .

"And turned into the Wolf Man in both THE HOUSE OF DRACULA & THE HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN.

"Lon has contributed to the Gothic-type film in pictures ranging all the way from THE BLACK CASTLE to THE BLACK SLEEP. In the latter he appeared with Bela Lugosi; it was Lugosi's last film.

"Recently, after putting on film practically everything Edgar Allan Poe ever wrote, American International Studios looked about for similar works and discovered HPLovecraft. When they filmed his HAUNTED PALACE they insured its successs by including Lon Chaney in the cast.

"They called his father The Man of A Thousand Faces. Lon might be called The Man of a Thousand Deaths—in fact he even played in a picture *called* I DIED A THOUSAND DEATHS. But, taking a cue from the title of another of his films, I prefer to call him, ladies & gentlemen: THE INDESTRUCTIBLE MAN!"

And to a thunderous applause, Lon Chaney left his table and made his way up onto the stage and into the mouth of the great red devil from which all acceptance speeches were delivered.

treat of treats

What followed was totally unexpected.

And never to be forgotten.

Following the pattern set by those before him, Lon first made some humorous remarks.

"In movies, I have been paid for 4 things," he said.

"For being ugly. That I can't help.

"For scaring people." At that he threw up his hands, made a horrible face and growled.

"For acting dumb. And if I go on talking much longer, I'll just prove it."

The 4th thing, I regret to say, I cannot for the life of me remember at the moment. Undoubtedly some reader present will remember it and write in to Fang Mail so it can be included in a future issue.

But Lon proved he was no dummy by pointing out something which everyone else had overlooked: when the original introductions of all the special guests had been made, it had been requested that the applause not be given individually but saved till last.

Then the applause had been completely overlooked!

But Lon reminded everyone of it then & there and a long overdue round of clapping was given the other celebrities.

Then—the unexpected.

"You people have fed me and given me a good time," Lon said. "I feel I should do something for you in return."

Pause.

We scarcely could see how he could turn into the Wolf Man in front of our eyes. But he did something equally dramatic, if not more so: without benefit of any special preparation, he turned himself into the well-meaning hut humhling, dim-witted Lenny of MICE & MEN fame!

He came alive as a great actor before our very eyes!

"George—" he began, and in an amazing sustained monolog of increasing intensity & power he spellhound the audience with an on-the-spot Academy performance. When he reached the climax of the scene and bowed his head in his arms, his shoulders wracked with sohs, the audience rose to its feet as a man to give him a standing ovation for the second time in one evening.

It was a classic moment, we were proud & thrilled to be there, and are happy to share the thrill with you who could not physically be present.

Afterwards Lon graciously gave all the autographs everyone wanted, answered questions and signed fotos by the score. He expressed astonishment at one showing him as a boy of about 14 with his dad.

One hright young fan stepped up to *FM's* editor and said, "You said ONE MILLION B.C. was Lon's first fantastic role, in 1939. How about the Atlantis serial THE UNDERSEA KINGDOM in 1936?" You are all invited to this boy's funeral.

super-dracula

Frankenstein, as you know from FRANKENSTEIN CONQUERS THE WORLD, has been turned into a giant by the Japanese.

Dracula is turning into a giant hy popular appeal. The year before, at the Ann Radcliffe Awards, when Alfred Hitchcock, Ray Bradhury & Vincent Price were honored, the turnout was 125.

This year it grew 100 to 225!

Next year a figure of 350 would not be impossihle. Certainly if you live anywhere in the greater Los Angeles area you would he well-advised to get in touch with the society and learn of its other meetings & activities, including its great annual Halloween party. Past Award-winner Herman Cohen, who hired Chaney in one of his early pictures and was to have presented him with his award but was unable to he present, volunteered to show all members a preview of his latest horror picture in the near future.

You may contact the society by writing Prof. Donald A. Reed at 334 W. 54 St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90037 or phoning him at PL 2-5811.

END



Choney sings song he wrote for LUCKY DEVILS.

In Person! Choney autogrophs *MONSTER WORLD* cover for fon ot Horrorwood gothering where he wos honored guest.



YOU AXED FOR IT!

Dr. Ax strikes again! In the fata af him shawn belaw, he just gat out af his BLOOD BATH. If yau would like yaur name ta appear in this dept., just address your request ta Dr. Ax, *FAMOUS MONSTERS*, 145 E. 32nd St., New Yark City, NY 10016, and then be sure ond buy *FM* and check each issue far the next 20 years!

Dr. Ax would like to have a bite with you, *Jim Walls, Bob Gipp, Dik Daniels, Roland Jarvinen, Ted Dunn & David Stroud.*





For Dracula & Christopher Lee fans, these fotos from DRACULA —PRINCE OF DARKNESS. *Patrick Sullivan, Dae Cabun, Mark Raymand, Emily P. Tawne, Suzanne Smith, Steve Bennett, Jenny Beam, Jack Evans, Chas. Kuphal, Bernadine Velush, Lisa Scales, Gloria Lillibridge, Rebecca Young, Jon Heskett, Ray Chance, Geo. Alifantro, Jacqueline Weidner, Rabt. Marin, Diana Hausen, Jillian Taggart & Diana G. Stanton.*



One of the DALEKS strikes again for *Jaann Lomoxson, Liom Wiltemple, Peter Monjor, Horry Horrison, Jahn Burwosh, Ed Plumstead & Arthur Seaclarke.*

Otta Kruger operates on Vicki Lane, the JUNGLE CAPTIVE (Universal '45), for *Anne Simi, Chorlene Rose Krosnoi, Glenn R. Pugh, Mickey Deloney, Ricky Bentan, Ricky Block & Tad White.*

This beauty from THE BLACK CAT (1966 version) is shown for Gory Kyllanen, Gory Wilson, Greg Phillips, Dovid Clork, Anthony De Angelis, Gerry H. Laurent & Steve Bennett.



YOU AXED FOR IT!

THE PHANTOM CREEPS and Bela smiles in the Universal serial of 1939, revived for Clork & Kevin Cruickshonk, Ronald Blonk, Tom Mulo, John Mullet, Shel Dorf, Beverly Worren, Errol Borlan, Rondy Misfeldt, Hope Beena, Lewis Stallings, Dr. Dortmouth Hicksville, D. Littlewood, Gregory Zotirko, Mike Ferner, Vern Bennett, Marc Klesmer, Robt. Rinehuls, Ricky Latt, Dovid Cox & Eddie Cardozo.




YOU AXED FOR IT!

An 8' high metal chessman protects Nigel Green in his game room (in the picture to the left) in DEADLIER THAN THE MALE, Universal's new thriller about an international syndicate of female killers. Shown for Yvonne M. Cuccia, Ursu La Ernsting, Sally Z. Burg & Terri Merritt. Bottom of opposite page is from AVENTURA AL CENTRO DE LA TIERRA (ADVENTURE AT THE CENTER OF THE EARTH) shown for Stephen Zeigler, Phillip G. Riddle, Dennis Cunninghom, Georg B. Tirpok & Dan Murphy. To the right, Boris Korloff as THE GHOUL (1933) for Tommy Johnsan, Tom Watkins, Zon Austin, Bryce Crossett, Dawn Langlegge, Glen Hill & Gordon Aleks. And this Mystery Photo for Romon Frackiewicz, Roy J. Sienkewitz, Kirk Henderson, "J.E.G.", Bill Williams & Chos. J. Kutner.

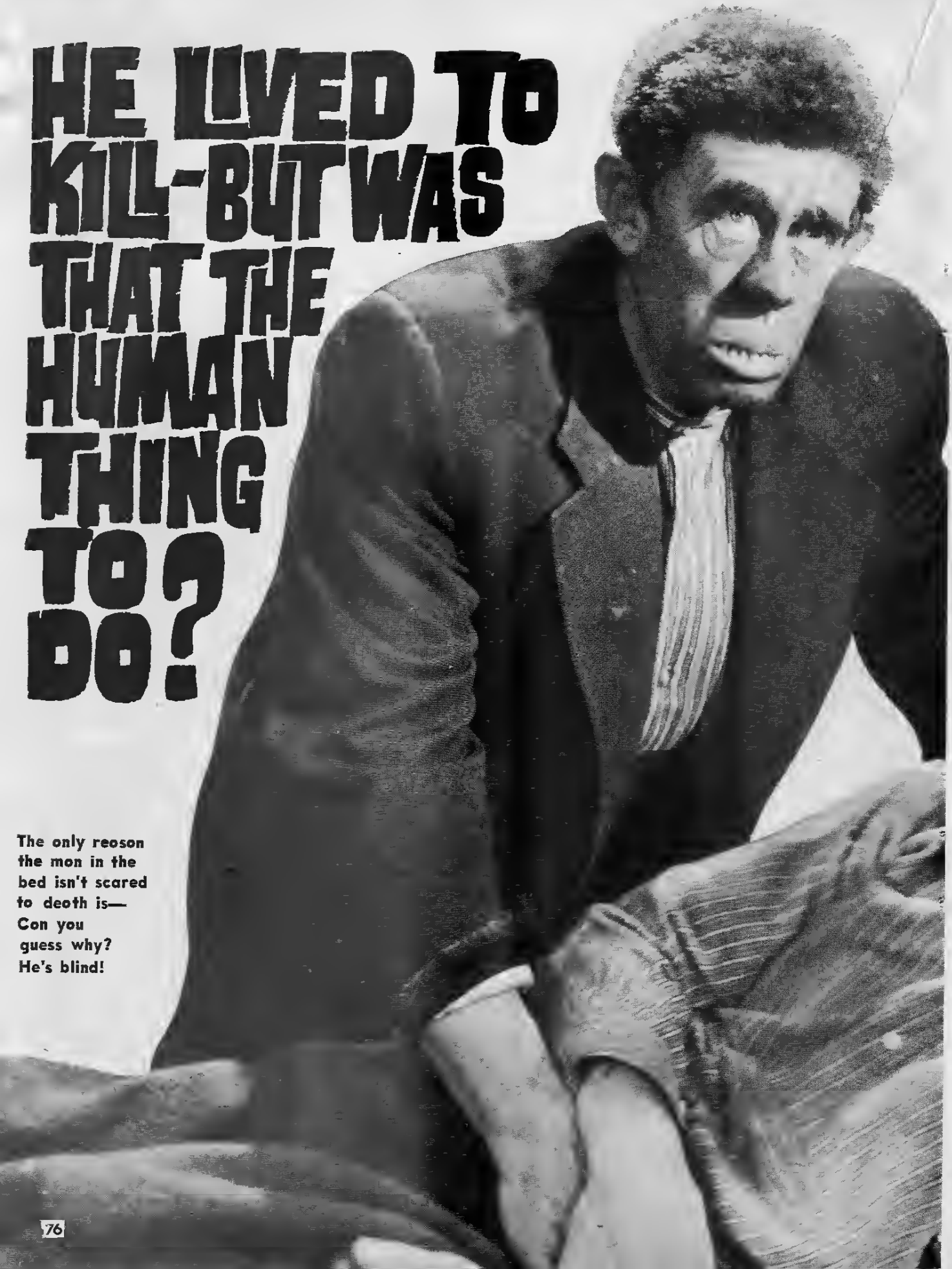






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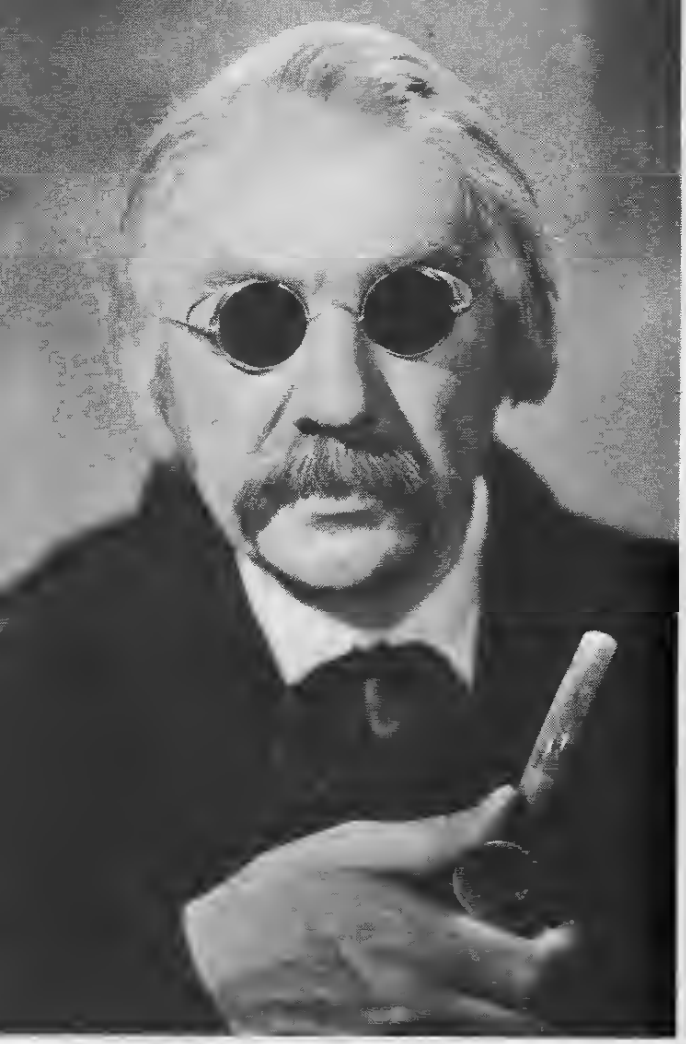
HE LIVED TO KILL-BUT WAS THAT THE HUMAN THING TO DO?



The only reoson the mon in the bed isn't scared to deoth is— Con you guess why? He's blind!

THE HUMAN MONSTER





Take away the moustache, the wig & the dark glasses and what have you got? The same as you've got with them: *Bela Lugosi!*

Greta Gynt would like to sprint but she's all wrapped up in her work. Being a gentleman, Bela is probabl taking off his jacket to offer to her so she won't get cold when he throws her in the river.



things are looking dark

THE HUMAN MONSTER. Made in England in 1940. It sure got around. It was also known as DARK EYES OF LONDON. And recently it was remade as DEAD EYES OF LONDON!

Edgar Wallace wrote the novel. His name, you may recall, was associated with KING KONG.

Here's the story:

Diana Stuart (Greta Gynt) goes to a police station in London to ask questions about the mysterious death of her father. Inspector Holt (Hugh Williams) informs her: "Your father was found washed ashore in a nearby bay, drowned. There were no signs of violence but I noted one strange thing: the water we found in your father's lungs was *fresh* water. Not sea water."

Diana is convinced that her father was murdered, especially when she learns his death is only one of many troubling Scotland Yard. "The only thing tying your father in with the deaths of the other men," says the inspector, "is an insurance policy leaving his money to a Dr. Orloff. We suspect something wrong but have no proof."

behind the blinds

Holt & Diana decide to work together to try to trap Orloff. Diana takes a job at a home for the blind where Dr. Orloff pays frequent visits. The owner, Professor Dearborn, a gray-haired man with a moustache, is himself blind and wears dark glasses. His assistant is a huge hunchbacked brute named Jake (Wilfred Walters), also blind.

Diana learns from Dearborn that Dr. Orloff has donated much of his own time & money to the home. She meets the doctor one day when he comes to visit an ailing patient named Lou, who is not only blind but cannot speak. Dr. Orloff, incidentally, looks like Bela Lugosi.

Meanwhile, the police uncover a new clue: a piece of punched tape on one of the drowned bodies. Holes that speak. *Braille*: the language of the blind.

The tape leads the police directly to Prof. Dearborn. They ask his help to translate. But he runs his fingers across the raised surface and says, "I regret I cannot help you, the tape has been too long in the water for me to make any sense of it."

bathroom: death room

Another inmate of the home for the blind has just made Dr. Orloff heir to his money and that nite as he takes a bath he hears someone enter the door. "Who's there?" he cries out. "What are you doing here? No, get away from me. NO!" Gurgle . . .

And the next day the bay contains another mystery corpse.



Jake the Monster (Wilfred Walters) never falters in his duties. Just naw he's checking to make sure Greta's strait-jacket is an straight.



The awful Dr. Orloff (Lugasi) must think he's Karloff the way he's menacing that paar bed-ridden man. Oops, the bed-ridden man goes for a ride—and there isn't a dry eye in the hause, especially his!





"Quit being so hammy!" Bela orders Jake, "and get up off your knee. Only Al Jolson could sing *Mammy!*"

Meanwhile, Diana has been doing some investigating in the home. While looking thru some of Prof. Dearborn's private papers, the professor startles her by entering the room but she feels safe in the knowledge that he could not have *seen* what she was doing.

That evening Orloff sends Jake to Diana's hotel. He fumbles his way around and crashes down her door. While he is trying to catch Diana she takes advantage of his blindness and makes a quick call for help to the police. She manages to dodge the great brute till Holt arrives and scares Jake off. Holt persuades Diana to return to her job in hopes of uncovering the key to her father's murder.

Holt comes the next day to question Lou. Orloff says he must go see if Lou is up to it. Instead, he puts Lou down.

lou turns blue

It was Lou who had been sneaking out messages in Braille and Orloff had found out about it. So the bad doctor had paralyzed Lou, confining him to bed. Now that there is danger he'll reveal something to the police, he must be silenced for sure. Orloff sticks an electric stethoscope in Lou's ears.

"I warned you, Lou."

The paralyzed man hears the pounding of his own heartbeats, amplified to the sound of a roaring Niagara! He opens his mouth to scream but no sound comes out. Of course, when the police are admitted, it is impossible for Lou to answer any questions.

Sometime later, another murder is committed and this time the police have enough evidence to arrest Orloff. But Orloff disappears!

Diana continues to work at the home and one day finds a cufflink on the floor. Forgetting Prof. Dearborn is blind, she shows him the link, asking "What is this?"

Dearborn replies: "Nothing of importance."

Then they simultaneously realize he has *looked* at it!

"Who *are* you?" Diana cries.



The Human Monster gives a guest a bubble bath. (The guest pravides the bubbles.)

The *Inhuman* Manster! Lugosi Lives Infernal!



at the monster's mercy

Suddenly the kindly old man changes. A sinister note of menace ices his voice as he says; "I will show you what we do with people who become too curious." He takes off a wig, mustache & the glasses and reveals himself as—Orloff. Seizing Diana, he struggles her upstairs to his laboratory and ties her up. Then he picks up Lou and carries him to a large tank which he fills with water. "Your inspector friend once asked me what this was used for. Now you shall see!"

Orloff drowns Lou, drops him out an opening in the wall which leads to the bay below. Then he calls Jake. "Attend to the young lady," he orders, and leaves. Jake carries Diana obediently to the tank. She screams for mercy, then gets an idea: "Jake! What happened to Lou?"

Jake stops, sets Diana down to check on his friend. Gone! "Orloff killed him, Jake."

Jake goes berserk. Orloff returns at that point and Jake attacks him. Orloff shoots him.

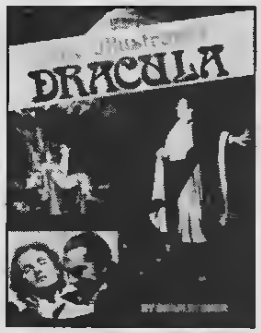
The police arrive, fire at Orloff. Wounded, he throws a gasbomb and hurries to his lab. But Jake makes a grab for him, struggles to his feet, strangles Orloff and throws him out the window into the bay below. It is at low tide, its mud like quicksand, and Orloff sinks from sight as Jake dies from his mad master's bullet wounds.

END



If you don't shoot till you see the dark of his eyes, you'll wind up dead like some other guys.

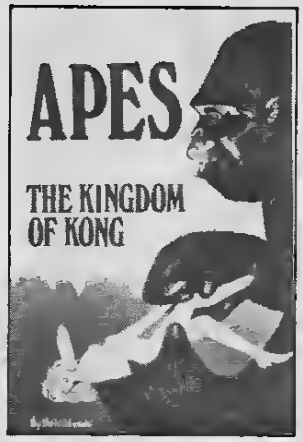
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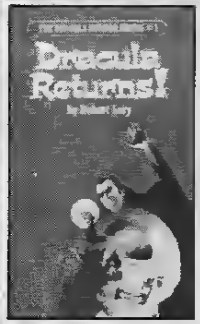
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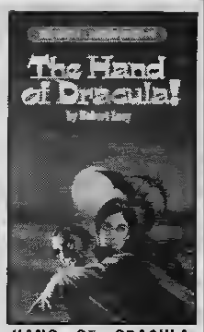
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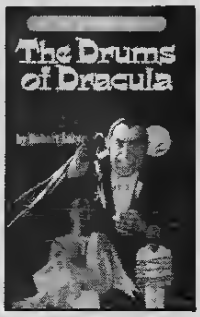
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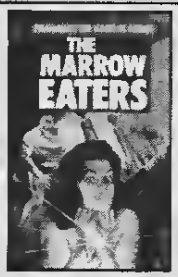
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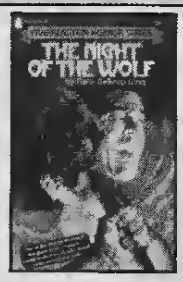


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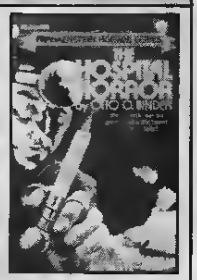
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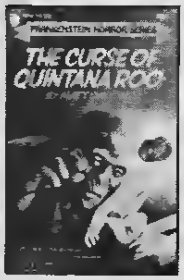
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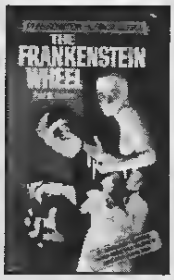
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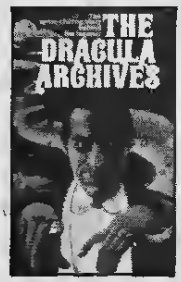
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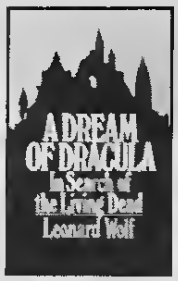
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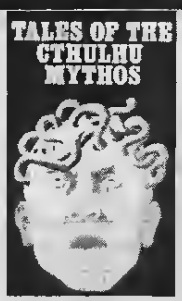
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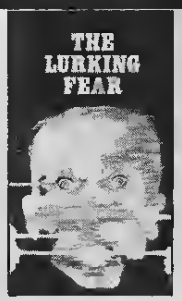
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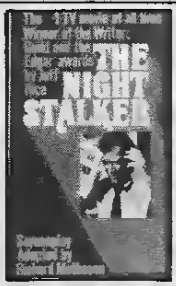


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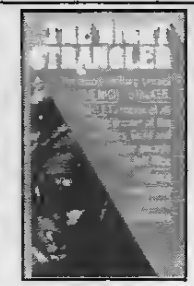
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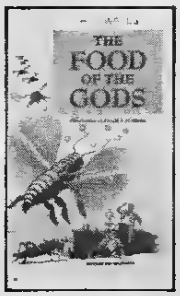
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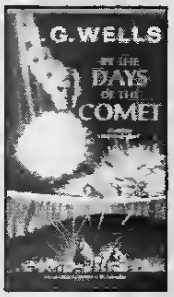
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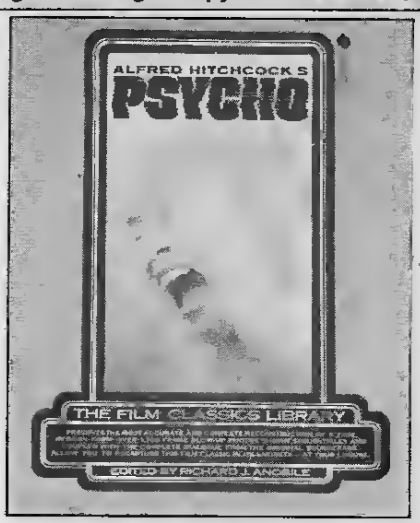
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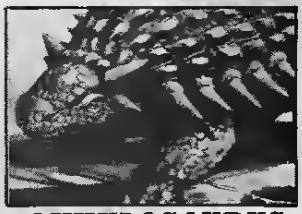
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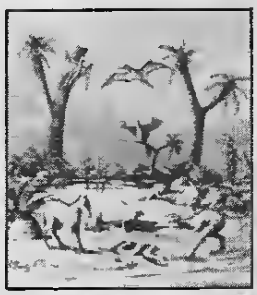


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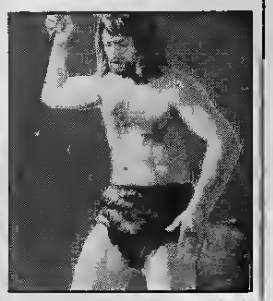
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FLYING REPTILE: The Pteranodon, the first of the winged reptiles. Kit features bird with 18-1/2" wingspan. Creature would pluck fish from the sea to eat, had poor eyesight, but flew by sonar like bat. #2424/$3.00



NEANDERTHAL MAN: This is one of the first cavemen. Lived in what is now Europe, and could live in temperatures of extreme cold. Kit is 4-1/2" high, with detailed human features. Put him in cave! #2421/$2.00



CAVE BEAR: A big 6" tall kit, and a most powerful beast of the Pleistocene period. He was exclusively vegetarian. This animal was an amazing 1/3 taller than any bear of today. Worshipped by cults. #2433/$3.00



THREE-HORNED DINOSAUR: This model kit is over 13" long, and features the Triceratops, a monster that grew to over 20' long. Two deadly horns on head were used to combat predatory dinosaurs. #2436/$5.50

To order any of these items, please see last page of this magazine for convenient RUSH ORDER FORM.

FRANKENSTEIN PLASTER CASTING HOBBY KIT

CREATE A MONSTER OR TWO! MOLD AND PAINT A PLASTER FRANKENSTEIN BUST 5 FULL INCHES HIGH!



Fun! Excitement! Creativity for you and the whole family! Get this exciting Frankenstein Plaster Casting Hobby Kit and see for yourself. Kit comes complete with flexible plastic mold, two 13 oz. bags of special grade casting plaster, plastic mixing bags, a roll of masking tape, sandpaper, paint brushes and 4 bottles of acrylic paints. Simply mix the plaster according to the easy instructions and pour it into the mold provided. Wait 45 to 90 minutes while the plaster heats and hardens by a chemical process. Then very carefully remove the mold. Trim the edges, file down the rough spots, fill in the holes. Allow the mold to dry out from 24 to 48 hours. When it is completely dry, it's time to paint your masterpiece. The kit provides red, yellow, blue and white acrylic paint, and includes instructions on mixing any color you might want from grays to flesh-tones. Now paint Frankenstein statue in realistic hues. You will have a work of art you can be proud of. And you will have enough equipment left to mold another! #24147/$5.95



DR. DEADLY #24118/$2.50

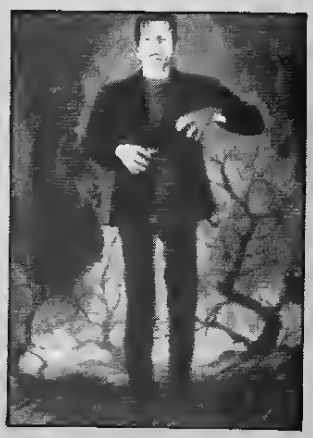
RARE! HORROR HOBBY KITS!

LONG OUT-OF-STOCK HOBBY KITS AVAILABLE ONLY THROUGH THIS AD

Here is a collector's selection of snap-together hobby kits that are available only through Capt. Co. There's the gruesome Dr. Deedly, the hapless Victim, and the monstar Frankenstein. And, as an added bonus, Frankenstein glows in the dark! These are all carefully molded kits that will add a touch of terror to your domain!



THE VICTIM #24120/$2.50



FRANKENSTEIN #24119/$3.00

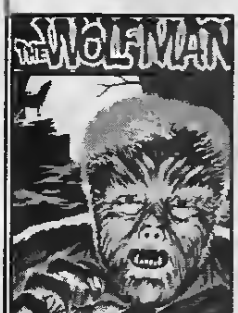
MONSTER GLOW IN THE DARK PAINT BY NUMBER KITS



FRANKENSTEIN #24140



PHANTOM OF THE OPERA #24141



THE WOLFMAN #24142



THE MUMMY #24143

Basil Gogos, Frank Frezatta & you! We want to start you on the road to success with these four chilling oil paint by number kits. Each kit contains a big 14"x10" preplenned panel, 12 scary pre-mixed colors, a brush, glow in tha dark powdar and complete instructions. Bedevil your friends with the glowing —they'll think Merlin's been tampering! Amaze everyone with nawfound artistic talent! Now only $2.00 each.

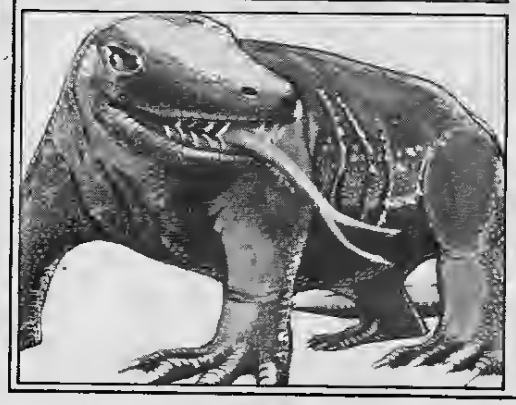
MIGHTY MONSTER KITS

SNAP-TOGETHER KITS WITH MOVABLE PARTS



KILLER GORILLA

Over 8" tall, this is an exciting hobby kit of one of the most powerful creatures ever to roam the earth. A ferocious pose by this real-life monster will add a brutal touch of the jungle to your room. Instructions are included. Order #24102/$3.50



KOMODO DRAGON

This is a reptilian monster that really lives! This ten-foot long monster inhabits the isle of Komodo, where his forked tongue lashes out at the inhabitants of the land. The kit is over 7" long, and features this dragon in all his gruesome glory. #24101/$3.50

ATTENTION! BRAND NEW PLANET OF THE APES HOBBY KITS!



CAESAR, THE RULER #24109/$3.50



ZIRA, THE DOCTOR #24108/$3.50

PLANET OF THE APES FLEXIBLE FIGURES

new action FIGURES 8″ tall They move!



ZIRA #24116 $4.75

CORNELIUS #24115 $4.75



ASTRONAUT #24114 $4.75



GENERAL URSUS #24117 $4.75



DR. ZAIUS #24113 $4.75

PLANET OF THE APES™

PLASTIC HOBBY KITS!

Now there are six great PLANET OF THE APES hobby kits. General Ursus and General Aldo, the warrior apes, Dr. Zaius, the sage orangutan from PLANET OF THE APES, Caesar, the first ruler of the monkey world, and Cornelius and Zira, loving couple from PLANET OF THE APES. Together, they form a complete cast of the Apes' Series most important characters. All the kits have snap-together parts, with movable arms and legs, and heads that turn. So there's no messing with glue or paste! Paint them according to the cover illustration. Each kit comes complete with display stand and setting as shown on the box. All are kits you will be proud to display and build.



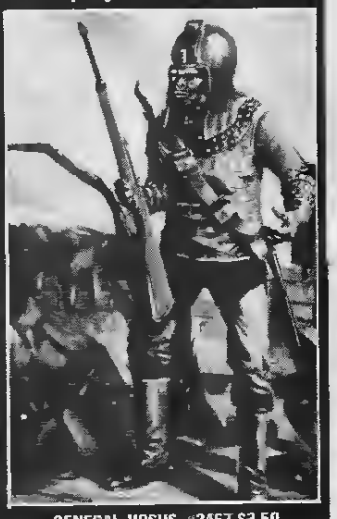
DR ZAIUS #2441 $3.50



CORNELIUS #2440 $3.50



GENERAL ALDO #2468 $3.50



GENERAL URSUS #2467 $3.50

To order any of these items, please see last page of this magazine for convenient RUSH ORDER FORM.

STRANGE CHANGE HOBBY KITS

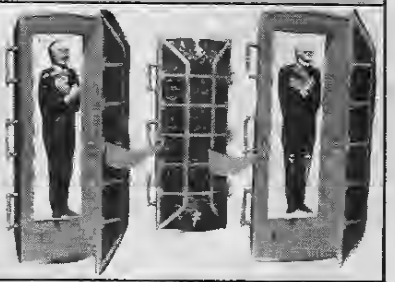
Mystify everybody! You can do it with these spectacular "Strange Change" Hobby Kits. The attractively packaged kits come with everything you need to make the perplexing moveable models pictured on the cover except the paint and glue. The three dimensional, highly detailed model pieces have been molded from durable, high-quality white plastic and are easily assembled. Complete instructions are included. Simply glue the model together, paint it and you have a handsome "magic trick" you can be proud of. Amaze your friends with them all!

MUMMY

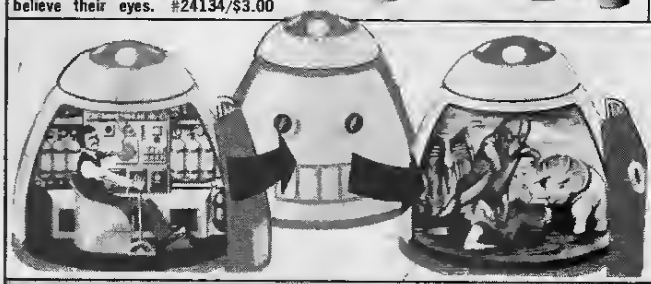


Open the finely sculptured sarcophagus over 7" long and behold an entombed pharoah, peacefully at rest. But you have disturbed his slumber and when you next raise the lid, his malevolent awakened eyes glare at you. Quick, close the lid! Reopen it, and the pharoah again sleeps peacefully. How does it work? You constructed the sarcophagus, laid the mummy, painted them realistically. You will know! But your friends will not believe their eyes. #24134/$3.00

VAMPIRE



What causes Count Dracula to awake from his sleep of the dead? You! Open the casket lid and display his dusty skeleton. Now close the lid. Say "Strange Change." When you raise the lid, Dracula in the undead flesh stares out at you. How do you do it? The secret is in the construction and since you built and painted this 8" long kit, you know. Your friends won't though, unless you show them! #24133/$3.00

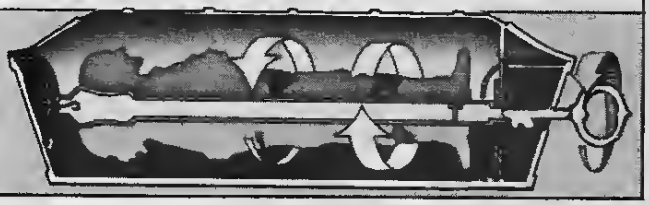


TIME MACHINE

A scientist sits at the complicated panel full of dials and switches. The Time Machine is ready to fling its occupant into the far distant past or future. But which? Will he arrive in ancient Mesopotamia or among advancing Martians? Bid him adieu, close the door and call out "Strange Change." Open the door and AAARGH! He's surrounded by ravaging prehistoric reptiles. Quick, close the door before it's too late. Call "Strange Change" again and presto! The opened door reveals the time traveler, safe again in his cockpit, with his hand on the lever, anxious for another flight in his 8" tall time capsule. How does it happen? You built it, painted it. You understand the capsule's inner workings. The secret of the Time Machine is yours, unless you tell anyone. #24135/$5.00

HERE'S HOW THEY WORK!

Each model has a stationery outer shell (the coffin, sarcophagus and exterior of the time machine), and a movable inner figure (the vampire, mummy and time traveler plus his backgrounds). The figures pivot at two points in the outer shell, propelled by a very tightly wound rubber band that runs through its center. There is a small secret panel attached to the mechanism that flips the figure. When the door or lid is closed, a hidden lever in the lid depresses the panel, causing the figure to flip around by making the rubber band unwind. Each time the door is closed, the figure flips. And that's how it's done.



GIGANTIC INSECT HOBBY KITS!

This isn't just another plastic hobby kit! It's an incredibly realistic series of devastating destruction that you can put together in diarama form. Full color, easy-to-assemble background, buildings, cars, figures, and of course, your terrifying Gigantic Insect all burst forth from their crush-resistant packages! All four Gigantics are scientifically accurate and highly detailed models enlarged several times their normal size. Fun and learning combine when you read about the natural history of these insects and see the biological charts. Paint them yourself in gruesome colors. Be prepared for the creepy-crawly invasion!

RAMPAGING SCORPION



The headline on the Daily Press reads "Thousands Flee From Rampaging Scorpion!" But you won't flee from this 7-inch Arachnid Scorpionida because you built it yourself. If you paint it in true bloody reddish-brown colors, even your friends will run in fear of a poisonously fatal sting wound! The easy-to-set-up scene depicts this public enemy in the midst of demolishing a brick building with its massive tail, squashing a vehicle and rendering able-bodied citizens virtually helpless against this staggering creature. Order #24136/$3.00

COLOSSAL TARANTULA



Remember the antagonist from the horrifying movie, "The Spider?" Well, our Huge Terantula is his cousin and you can own all 6 terrifying inches of it! See him haul his mammoth mass of molecular madness across a free-standing power station. Having escaped from his usual habitat in Tropical America, the Eurypelma Californicum is baffled by the metal maze he finds himself in and lashes out against his surroundings in a vain effort to escape! The employees depart in haste, smokestacks roar and sparks fly! You won't miss by ordering #24139/$3.00

GIGANTIC WASP

Picture a sunny afternoon at the Funland Amusement Park. The children wave gaily at their parents from the roller coaster and the Funhouse. Suddenly a gigantic winged aviator menaces the skies and descends upon its unsuspecting victims, flapping powerful opaque wings and dropping leaden thorax upon the pavement. The crowd disperses in every direction but for some it is too late! The omniscient compound eye spies a young man whose last whisper yields: "Hymenopterous!" Translated as Gigantic Wasp, your model measures 6 inches in length and has an 8-inch wickedly wide wingspan. #24138/$3.00



HUGE MANTIS

Usually a friend to the farmer, this Stagmomantis becomes an enemy of the city worker! Having grown to preposterous proportions due to a stroke from a strange ray from outer space, the Colossal Mantis traverses the Main Street of an industrial town to wreak havoc on the populace. Destruction is rampant as the insidious insect searches for food. The railroad and passengers are doomed as they cross the creature's path. Buildings are ablaze; there will be no hope until the giant bug is blasted! A 6"x6" mantis and all parts to build this diarama are included. #24137/$3.00



FRIGHT FILMS REGULAR & SUPER 8

FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLFMAN



High in the Carpathian Mountains, a mad scientist works to revive the Frankenstein monster. And he succeeds, in time for the living corpse to do battle with a rampant wolfman. Lightning, fangs, and action galore. Fight between the monsters is one of horror himdoms finest. Stars Lugosi as Frankenstein, and Chaney as Wolfman. #2227/$7.99

DOOM OF DRACULA



Boris Karloff portrays a carnival owner who locates the remains of Count Dracula. He brings the vampire back to life, and sends him on an utterly diabolical mission. Soon, however, Karloff realizes he has made a mistake, as Dracula turns on him! John Carradine plays Dracula. Sequel is "House of Frankenstein" film. #2246/$7.99

THE INVISIBLE MAN



This is it! The original motion picture featuring HG Wells' classic character. This effort introduced the great Claude Raines to the industry. Startling special effects by John P. Fulton, which show man who becomes transparent due to scientific experiments. A chilling, absorbing film, one of the all-time greats. #2237/$7.99

HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN



Follow-up feature to "Doom of Dracula." Karloff stars as scientist disguised as Carny owner, who is journeying the world-over in search of the Frankenstein monster. And, finally, he finds it . . . returning it to life. But then, trouble! For the Wolfman arrives on the scene, to destroy the doctor and his new 'patient.' #2247/$7.99

THE "ORIGINAL" MUMMY



One of Karloff's most memorable performances, one of the great horror films. Excavation in Egypt uncovers tomb of Mummy Im-ho-tep. That night, he comes back to life. After murdering one of the scientists, the bandaged beast makes for London. There, he seeks the reincarnation of his one-time Egyptian mistress. Film is Im-ho-TOPS! #2224/$7.99

THE MUMMY'S GHOST



Here is an exciting sequel to "The Mummy." Lon Chaney portrays the man of rotted cloth, as he terrorizes a scientific gathering about his sacred sarcophagus. And, as fate would have it, he falls for the young lady scientist who is a part of this expedition. This Mummy is more brutal, more deadly than the Karloff one. #2269/$7.99

REVENGE OF THE CREATURE



A sequel to the original "Creature" film, this movie has a second excursion into the beast's Amazonian home to capture the monster. They take him into captivity and civilization. There, from the confines of an aquarium pool, the Creature brutally mangles his captors and escapes! Rampant, the Gill-Man kills many! #2254/$7.99

I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF



One of the most popular monster movies in history. A young boy visits a psychiatrist for to solve his various hang-ups. But the doctor, himself, is deranged, and hypnotizes the boy. Under hypnosis, the young man is convinced by the psychiatrist that he is a werewolf! Then, it's off to kill for the doctor! #2221/$7.99

RETURN OF THE VAMPIRE



This is the big one! Vampire vs. werewolf in horrific shocker. Bela Lugosi portrays the blood-gulper, who subjugates a ferocious werewolf. And, then, together, the two go in search of unsuspecting victims. Lugosi is at his menacing best in this, one of his four vampire roles. The ending is a gripping one, that must be seen. #2267/$8.95

RETURN OF DRACULA



Dracula is back, in the form of actor Charles Lederer. The Count moves into a small, isolated town and begins to live as a parasite, sucking the blood of the plain country folk around him. All goes well . . . until the infamous monster is found out . . . and hunted. One of the most unusual Dracula films ever produced. A must. #2273/$7.99

MAN-MADE MONSTER



A team-up of two great horror actors. Lionel Atwill portrays a mad scientist, and Lon Chaney, a truck driver killed in an accident. Atwill discovers the body and through the use of high-voltage electricity, brings Chaney back to life. But the truck driver is no longer human: He's become an electric monstrosity! #2264/$7.99

THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME



SOLD OUT

A classic of filmmaking. The second filming of Hugo's immortal novel stars Charles [illegible] as the misshapen Quasimodo, who falls in love with the gypsy Esmeralda. And the horrors that befall the young girl in the France of yore. A sensitive monster movie. #2238/$7.99

TASTE THE BLOOD OF DRACULA



Many fans of horror films consider Christopher Lee the finest screen Dracula. And in this film, his awesome talent is in evidence. Tall, violent, and menacing, Lee is the immortal count. Here, he travels from Transylvania to London. His plan is to ravage four respectable families in the great city. And this he does, brutally! #2265/$7.99

STRAIT-JACKET



Joan Crawford, star of "Whatever Happened to Baby Jane" joined with "Rosemary's Baby" Bill Castle to create this modern-day horror classic. This film is not for the faint-hearted, as it is about a series of brutal axe-murders. Is Crawford victim or killer? Warning: vicious axe-killings appear in this film. A real shocker! #2266/$8.95

THE BEAST WITH FIVE FINGERS



Peter Lorre stars in this incredible film of a concert pianist. So far, not very frightening. But when he is possessed by devilish madness, his gentle hands become instruments of vile murder. And then is unleashed the incredible Beast With Five Fingers. Lorre at his horrific best, with a fine supporting cast. #2230/$7.99

To order any of these items, please see last page of this magazine for convenient RUSH ORDER FORM.

COMEDY-MONSTER HOME MOVIES

AVAILABLE IN REG 8 AND SUPER 8! ON 50' REELS!

Now you can own these great comedy classics to show in your home. ABBOTT AND COSTELLO and THE THREE STOOGES star in their own hilarious and monster-filled adventures. And, for the Stooges' "Tails of Horror" and "Spooks," there is the added thrill of 3-dimensions. Watch the Stooges battle ghosts and weird monsters of all types in three exciting motion pictures. Or try Abbott and Costello in films that feature Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi, Lon Chaney Jr., and other great horror stars. Enjoy these great comedies by the masters.



THE THREE STOOGES

TAILS OF HORROR
This is one of the few films you can buy for home viewing in the miracle of 3-D. In classic tradition, the Three Stooges make their way into a haunted house. And what a haunted house! What manner of gruesome ghouls live within? What is the satanic secret of the ghost-infested mansion? These, and other spooky questions will be answered when you watch TAILS OF HORROR. And when something is thrown . . . you duck! For this is 3-D! Two pairs of three-dimensional viewing glasses are included! #2244/$8.49

WE WANT OUR MUMMY
Hired as detectives, the three wily stooges journey to the ancient land of Egypt. There, they encounter killers and cut-throats and eventually make their way to the old [illegible] sacred (and [illegible]erous mumm[illegible] credible s[illegible] result. This is one of the three monster comedies made by the stooges, a vintage adventure starring Moe, Larry, and the original Curly. NOT AVAILABLE IN 3-D. 200 FOOT REEL. Order #2242/$7.99

SOLD OUT

SPOOKS
Here is one of the two Three Stooges comedies available in the magnificence of 3-D. In this film, our hapless heroes encounter a horde of spooks. And that's not all! The Three Stooges are one of the most underrated comedy teams of all-time, and their slapstick antics in this 3-D fun fest will make you a fan for life! As well, there are special glasses that come with the film, that you may watch the adventure in true-to-life 3-D. The ghosts and various creatures pop from screen! #2243/$8.49



ABBOTT AND COSTELLO

ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN
While serving as postal workers, our heroes have the misfortune of delivering the crate containing the remains of the Frankenstein monster to Castle Dracula. Dracula plans to put Costello's brain in the monster. Abbott is wooed by a female accomplice of the vampire. But there's hope. The Wolfman, Count Dracula's arch enemy, finds out the nefarious plot and goes to the castle to put an end to the villain. Lugosi is Dracula, Glen Strange is Frankenstein, Lon Chaney is the Wolfman. #2241/$7.99

ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET DR. JEKYLL
Boris Karloff plays Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde in this riotous Abbott and Costello extravaganza. The bumbling pair gets involved with the good doctor's experiments, and before the film is completed, Costello, himself, turns into a monster, and subsequently infects all of Scotland Yard. Ten hairy monsters in all! Foggy London locations, and excellent make-up make this a must for horror fans. Plus, a surprise appearance by Count Dracula and the Frankenstein monster. One of comedy's best. #2240/$7.99

ABBOTT AND COSTELLO IN ROCKET AND ROLL
Working on the sight of a rocket launching pad, our heroes make their way into a spaceship, and the vehicle is accidentally launched into the atmosphere. After making low passes over skyscrapers and on through city streets, the craft leaves the earth and heads for Venus. There, Abbott and Costello meet with the inhabitants of the strange world, a bevy of beautiful women! Needless to say, the pair makes the best of the situation. But that isn't the only surprise in store on the misty planet. #2239/$7.99

NEW HORROR FILMS WITH THEIR OWN SOUND TRACKS!

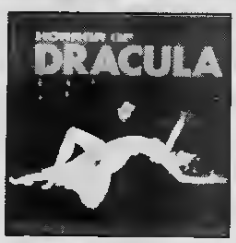
AT LAST! 8mm & Super-8mm movies of Hammer Films' own CHRISTOPHER LEE as DRACULA, FU MANCHU and the FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER! Also four episodes from VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA, and that 50's fear classic, THE COSMIC MONSTERS! Each with its own FULL SOUNDTRACK RECORDING! How can this be done?—With every 200-ft. film you purchase, you get a FREE 33-1/3 RPM SOUNDTRACK album to play right along with the film. Full symphonic orchestration & sound effects especially recorded to add a New Dimension to home film fare thrills!



FRANKENSTEIN SERIES.
THE BIRTH OF FRANKENSTEIN. The great moment of Creation, with the great Christopher Lee as The Monster! #2295 THE BIRTH OF FRANKENSTEIN $7.49



THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN. A "sequel" to "The Birth of Frankenstein," with Chris Lee as the newly-born monster stalking! #2297 CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN $7.49



HORROR OF ORACULA. The dynamic Chris Lee [illegible] of the greatest [illegible]ons of ORACULA [illegible]—all time—with SOUND! #2296 HORROR OF ORACULA $7.49

SOLD OUT



FU MANCHU SERIES.
FACE OF FU MANCHU. Christopher Lee in one of his most classic studies of grandiose evil and insidious perfidy! #2298 FACE OF FU MANCHU $7.49

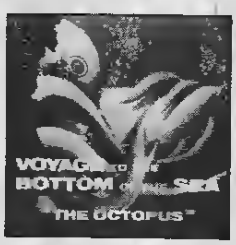


THE HORROR OF FU MANCHU. Again Chris Lee as the evil Oriental mastermind schemes a plot to enslave the civilized world! #22001 HORROR OF FU MANCHU $7.49

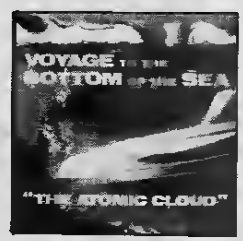


COSMIC MONSTERS! Man's dabbling with Atomic Energy? Cosmic Rays, perhaps? Whatever! monsters from [illegible] threaten to wipe out life on Earth! #2299 COSMIC MONSTERS $7.49

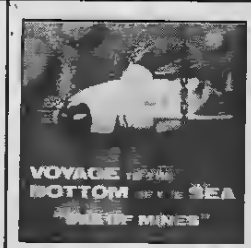
SOLD OUT



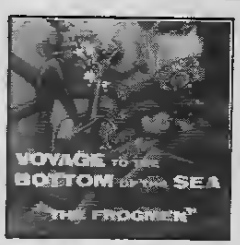
"VOYAGE" SERIES.
VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA—THE OCTOPUS. A gripping tale of a sub tossed like a tempestuous teapot! #22002 THE OCTOPUS $7.49



VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA—THE ATOMIC CLOUD. The submarine Seaview and its trusty crew are endangered by radiation! #22003 THE ATOMIC CLOUD $7.49



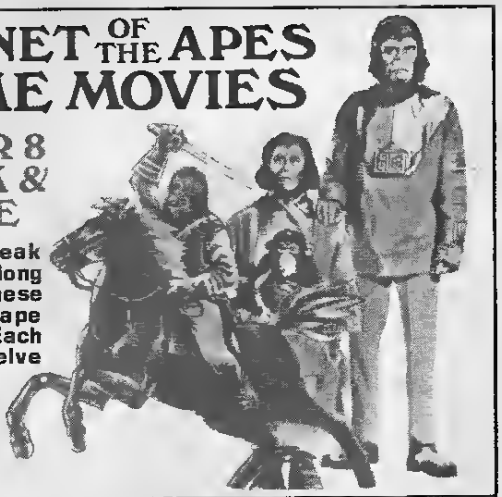
VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA—SEA OF MINES. Cold sweat thrills as the Seaview wends its way through a metal forest of Death! #22004 SEA OF MINES $7.49



VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA—THE FROGMEN. Forced to leave the safety of the Seaview, the crew meet hideous sea monsters! #22005 THE FROGMEN $7.49

PLANET OF THE APES HOME MOVIES

SUPER 8 BLACK & WHITE



No ape freak should be long without these exciting ape movies. Each runs twelve full minutes. Order today and own all of the great apes films.

BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES

More astronauts land. They are befriended by Cornelius and his girlfriend, Zira. They journey to the Forbidden City and discover a race of horrifying mutants inhabiting the lower regions of the atom-blasted city. Apes, humans and mutants clash in a fierce battle for atomic warheads. #22054/$7.99

PLANET OF THE APES CHARLTON HESTON

Astronaut Charlton Heston crashes on an unknown planet populated by mute, animal-like humans and a master race of weapons-wielding apes. Heston is captured, escapes and heads for the Forbidden City where he discovers, among other artifacts, the Statue of Liberty. Exciting adventure. #22053/$7.99

ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES

Cornelius and Zira find a working spaceship, escape atomic destruction of the Ape world, journey through the same time warp that stranded the humans. They land on Earth 1973. Police are hostile. Governments attack them. And destroy them. The battle aboard a freighter is a spectacular thriller! #22055/$7.99

CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES

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PLANET OF THE APES PLASTIC WIND-UP

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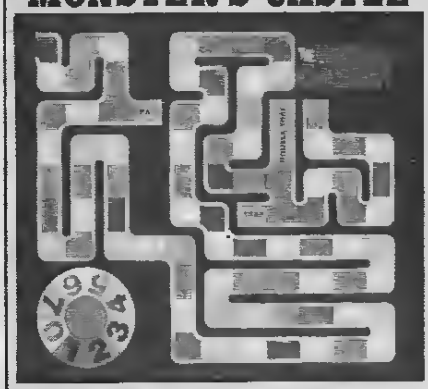
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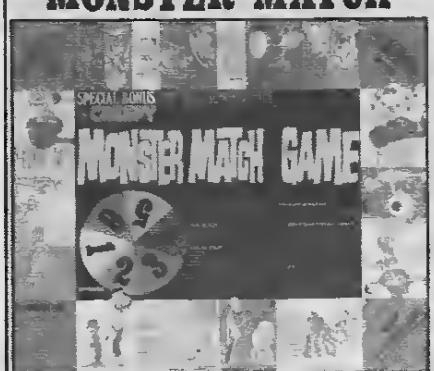
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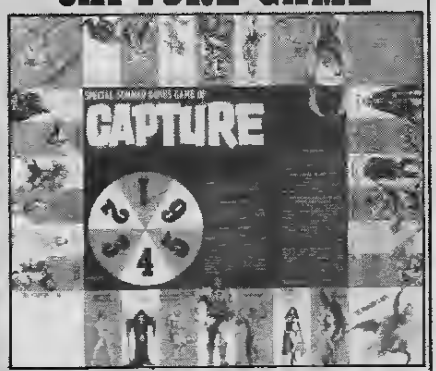
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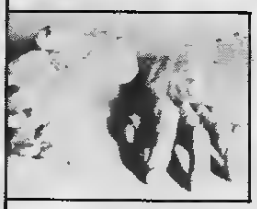
#2551 GORILLA FEET



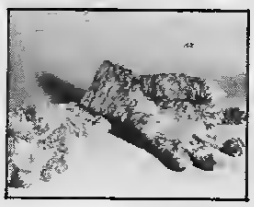
#2550 GORILLA HANDS



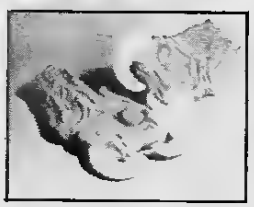
#2533 PHANTDM & MAD DOCTOR HANDS



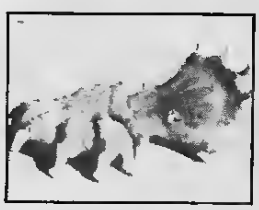
#2535 HUNCHBACK & MR HYDE HANDS



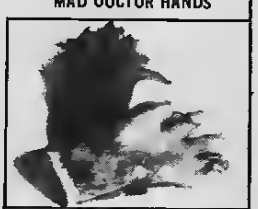
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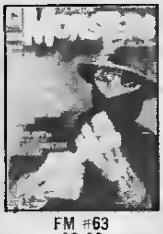
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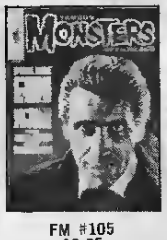
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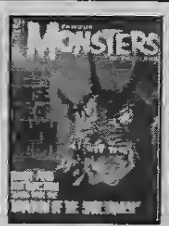

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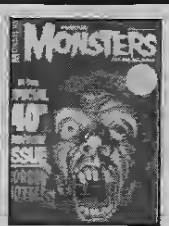

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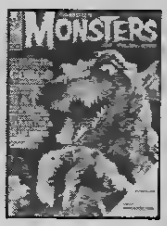

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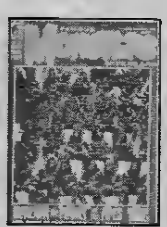

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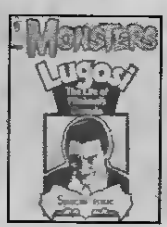

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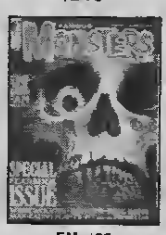

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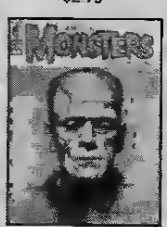


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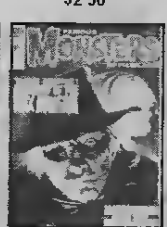
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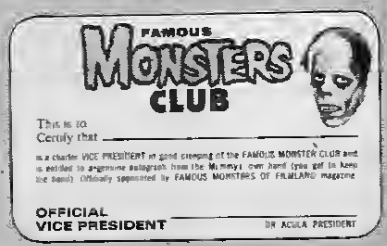
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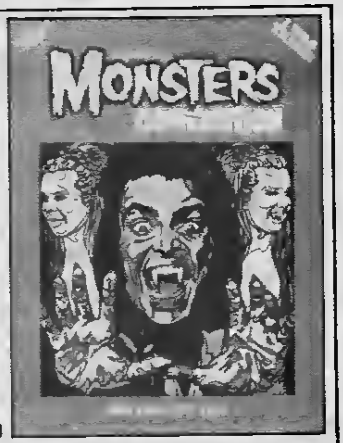
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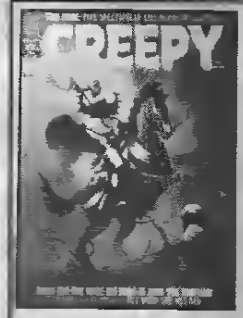
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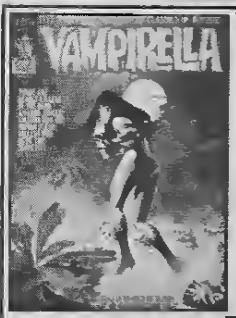




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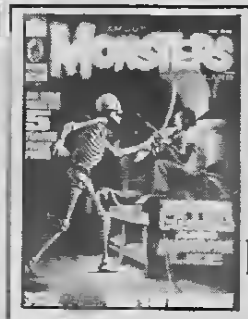
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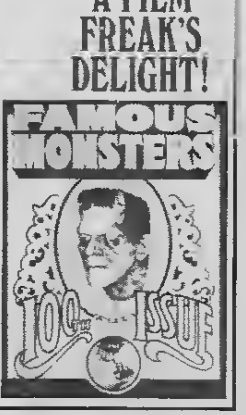
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